

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

GENERAL GRANT was entertained last week at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by an enormous crowd, and the newspapers are loud in their complaints of the disorder which prevailed inside the building. But in this they are unreasonable. When there is in any given space as many people as it can possibly contain, order, in the strict sense of the word, can only be maintained by everybody standing quite still. All movement produces confusion. But when people collect for the express purpose of seeing General Grant, and he can only be seen at one point, of course everybody wants to reach it, and the universal struggling produces universal discomfort, and a prevailing impression that somebody is to blame. Whether it would not promote the general convenience on occasions of this sort, which are now becoming so common, to give up the time-honored practice of hand-shaking, we have discussed in another column.

THE *Shenandoah* has surrendered herself in the Mersey to H.B.M.S. *Donegal*, and the captain and crew have been allowed to go scot free. In spite of all the nonsense talked by the English Tory press as to the non-liability of the captain for the depredations committed after he had received notice of the downfall of the Confederacy, the only good reason that can be assigned for not holding him for trial is the absence of evidence. This our Government ought to provide, and, when ready, ought to ask that he be tried in England or surrendered for trial here. There is strong reason for believing that, under the extradition treaty, his surrender, even as a pirate, might be fairly demanded on the ground that the offence, though committed on the high seas, was committed on American vessels, or, in other words, on American soil.

THE official returns of the Ohio election, including the home and soldiers' vote, show an aggregate of 417,720, and a majority for Cox over Morgan of 29,936. The Union majority in Pennsylvania, also from official returns, amounts to 22,600.

WE print elsewhere a long letter from Henry Winter Davis, presenting in a forcible shape nearly all that can be said in favor of negro suffrage at the South. To the temper of portions of the letter we might offer several objections, though none of them would affect the weight of his argument. But when he calls for negro suffrage, and in the

same breath finds fault with the President for not withdrawing the troops from the South, we feel bound to say that his zeal outruns his discretion. The bestowal of the franchise after the close of the war, without military protection, would, in our opinion, have been of about as much use to the negroes as rations of *pâté de foie gras*.

MR. COLFAX has announced as the subject of a forthcoming lecture "Across the Continent, and the Duties of the next Congress." We are sure the lecture will be a good one, but let us suggest that it be followed by another on some such topic as "Over the Hills and Far Away, and the State Rights."

THE Trenton *Weekly Monitor* is an excellent paper, but it sometimes gets into a fog, as when, last week, it accused the NATION of inconsistency in recommending Government regulation of railroad traffic, while objecting to Government interference with the hours of labor. It is hard to have to waste space in pointing out a distinction so obvious, but we are forced to mention, at the risk of boring intelligent men, that the regulation of railroads is simply the regulation of a monopoly granted by the Government, and to which the grantees have no right; the proposed regulation of the hours of labor is simply a restriction on the quantity of a man's own labor—the thing of all others over which his control ought to be most nearly absolute—which he shall bring into the market. Government interference is not *per se* mischievous; its quality depends on the nature of the object; otherwise the punishment of thieves might be improper. If capitalists could be made self-sacrificing by acts of the legislature, we should heartily support the eight-hour movement. As it is, we must respectfully ask its advocates to do a little more hard, honest thinking and a little less wild talking.

THERE have been some important debates in the South Carolina Legislature on the Negro Code. An amendment declaring marriages between white and colored persons void was carried by an overwhelming majority, the object being, of course, to prevent "amalgamation;" but the act ought really, to be effective, to have forbidden the birth of the children of white and colored parents. It is only by some such law as this that this crying evil can be reached. A motion, made by Mr. Mulvaney, striking out the clause requiring the masters or mistresses of colored apprentices to have them instructed in some useful trade or business, produced great excitement. The ablest argument in support of the motion was that of Mr. de Pass, of Kershaw, who eloquently asked gentlemen of the house "the plain, simple question, Were they willing their sons should sit on the work-bench alongside of a big buck nigger?" No direct answer was returned, however, to Mr. de Pass's momentous question, and we presume the members are still pondering over it. But the amendment was thrown out. We suggest, with great deference, as a means of avoiding the difficulty suggested by Mr. de Pass, that the South Carolina gentlemen who intend to make mechanics of their sons provide them with work-benches of their own. In this way contact with "big buck niggers," if disagreeable, will be avoided, and the comfort of the negro certainly be promoted. But we warn the white mechanics that they will never be able to maintain their superiority over the competitors of the "inferior race" except by producing better workmanship. If they make worse shoes or machinery, neither the "curse on Ham" nor the "facial angle" will keep the custom from being monopolized by the "degraded African."

EVERYBODY must have noticed the red caps about our streets wearing the badge of the City Messenger Corps, and prepared, for a moder-

ate tariff, to carry letters and parcels and execute other commissions in all parts of the city. They are much more conspicuous than the corps which they imitate and compete with—the Invalid Soldiers' Messenger Corps—a happy device of the Sanitary Commission to afford an honorable livelihood to the disabled heroes of the late patriotic struggle. These men retain the blue under which they marched to suffering and glory, and certainly have claims upon the public patronage above those of the other purely speculative enterprise. In Boston they have been tendered by the Metropolitan Railroad Company the free use of their cars, which will not only relieve them from a vast amount of fatigue, but also by a saving in time permit their earnings to be very materially increased. The example is worthy to be followed by our own horse-railroad corporations.

"EVACUATION DAY" was celebrated here on Friday, and was the occasion of the usual military parade and review by the governor. It has long since ceased to have any historical value for the great body of the people, much like the holiday called "artillery election" in Boston. It would, indeed, be curious to enquire into the decay of these and similar holidays, and to point the evident moral that when a date outlived its usefulness, the observance of it had better be dropped by common consent. A London paper descants on the annual November nuisance of Guy Fawkes, which seems to have surpassed the worst development of the Fourth of July with us; yet we doubt if any legislator would be willing to advocate its burial. "Time-honored" covers a multitude of sins.

THE good faith of the Florica Convention was shown most conspicuously by its incorporating in the reformed Constitution that protection for the negro which other State conventions have left to succeeding legislatures. The same amendment which ordains the prohibition of slavery ordains also that all the inhabitants "shall enjoy the rights of person and property without distinction of color." In all criminal proceedings which involve the rights of colored persons, "no person shall be incompetent to testify as a witness on account of color." In all other cases the colored witness is to be excluded unless admitted by subsequent legislation. It is added, somewhat superfluously, except that the idea seems never to have entered the heads of the opponents of negro testimony, that the jury shall judge of its credibility.

THEY are going through the forms, in Alabama, of another conflict between the civil and the military authorities. In this instance, however, the United States District Court is one of the parties. A Treasury cotton-agent is arrested at Mobile by order of Gen. Wood, commanding the department. A writ of habeas corpus is sued out before Judge Busteed, and served on the general and his provost-marshal. Of course it is not respected, nor is a subsequent order of the court for the discharge of the prisoner and the appearance of the general to show cause, etc. Finally the judge directs a writ of attachment to be served on the latter, returnable, owing to the absence of the United States Marshal, in two weeks from Monday last. By that time Congress may have an opportunity to settle the question of supremacy for the whole Southern territory.

THE servant-girl question has not a more wide-spread interest than the question of rents and houses. In almost every considerable city the same complaint is raised which is so familiar here, and we are assured that the desired habitations will go up when the price of building materials comes down. Landlords at the South, even, strange as it may appear, where ready money is so scarce and so much in demand, exhibit the common reluctance to abate their rents. Their obstinacy is often due to a not concealed antipathy to Yankee tenants, yet in Raleigh we notice that citizens and natives are compelled to face such exactions as \$1,900 in gold or \$3,000 in currency for houses which rented before the war for \$350, and during hostilities for \$4,500 in Confederate money.

If the Albany *Atlas and Argus* represented the state of public feeling, we might be fairly charged with being sunk in barbarism. A

recent number ascribes poor Preston King's death to "remorse for a cause deserted, companions betrayed, and principles sacrificed." If anybody wants to know the cause of that lurking contempt for the newspaper press from which even those who are most sensible of its power are not entirely free, he will find it in paragraphs like this of the *Atlas and Argus*.

THE Boston *Daily Advertiser* has a correspondent travelling through the South whose letters may always be read with interest and instruction. In his last, from Albany, Georgia, he describes his encounter with a gang of ruffians who sought to kill him, and the narrative reads exactly like those which were so frequent before the war. The substance of it is, that the correspondent took advantage of a lull in a street fight between a negro and a man whom he supposed to be a Federal soldier, to counsel the former to withdraw and so put an end to what might have proved a contagious brawl. For this simple behavior as a good citizen he was insulted and menaced by an armed and drunken set, led on by a chivalric Confederate major, who, failing to browbeat the correspondent in open day, nursed their wrath while he was nursing his chills and fever in the afternoon, and at night beset the hotel with bloodthirsty intent. It became an act of prudence for himself and consideration for his host to retire secretly to other lodgings, and to anticipate the disappointed rage of his pursuers at the railway station next morning. The affair would be insignificant if it could be regarded as a purely local demonstration; but we have every reason to believe that, in the absence of the United States forces, the spirit of Albany would be that of the entire South, and that as the sanctity of slavery was once the pretext for every kind of violence and the suppression of free speech, so will be the irreversible superiority of the white man and inferiority of the "nigger."

VARIOUS causes have contributed to delude the freed people of the South concerning the division of their late masters' lands among them. The confiscation acts of Congress logically involved some such division, if they had been at all rigorously enforced. The colored troops, perhaps ignorantly, perhaps in some cases maliciously, helped to confirm the belief that these measures would be carried out. At all events, the present unsettled feeling of the blacks is not likely to pass away till after the new year comes in. Gov. Marvin, of Florida, has publicly recommended that they be allowed complete liberty during the Christmas vacation, and that if, after New Year's, they still persist in remaining idle, they be subjected to the law of vagrancy, which, according to our understanding, the recent convention made impartial in its operation. The course proposed seems to be both judicious and humane. But as apprehension often precipitates the evil which gives rise to it, we fear lest, outside of Florida at least, for want of a little forbearance and steadiness on the part of the whites, some very deplorable collisions may ensue next month.

EX-GOVERNOR MAGRATH, of South Carolina, wants to know why he is kept locked up while all other rebel governors are at large. We think somebody ought to tell him. We would if we knew, but we do not. He has, however, been liberated, and will probably push the enquiry no further.

GOVERNOR PARSON BROWNLLOW writes to the *Cincinnati Gazette* that the country around Nashville and Middle Tennessee generally abounds with thieves and robbers and murderers; that the rebels are bent on breaking up the Union by means of the ballot-box; and that, in his opinion, they have not been "whipped enough." All this may be very true, but we, nevertheless, cannot help wishing that the parson, good patriot though he is, would treat us to a little silence. We don't like his rhetoric, now that he is in the governor's chair, half as well as we did when he was editing a Knoxville paper, though even then we were not fascinated by it.

THE colored people of Missouri have issued an address "to the friends of equal rights" in that State. Of course they ask for equal rights, politically. Their appeal is made with a warmth which is wholly natural, but which is in marked contrast with the soberer lan-

guage of the North Carolina freedmen. They court a test of intelligence for the exercise of the suffrage, believing "that it would promote a most healthy spirit of emulation, and prove the greatest educator of the masses." They intend to canvass the State thoroughly, holding mass meetings and distributing documents. For funds they depend upon the generous contributions of the friends whom they address.

FLORIDA has frankly complied with every requisition made on her by the Government preparatory to her re-admission to the Union. She has repudiated the rebel debt, abolished slavery, and admitted negroes to testify in the courts. It still remains for her, however, to comply with the supplemental condition imposed on South Carolina, and ratify the Constitutional Amendment. One curious illustration of the besotted condition of the Southern mind on the subject of slavery appears in the precaution taken to put it on record that the abolition of slavery was forced upon the State; it was not voluntarily resorted to. The impression prevalent amongst the members of most Southern conventions evidently agrees with that of one of the Alabama members, recently elected—that "the iron pen of history will record the emancipation proclamation was the most monstrous deed of cruelty that ever darkened the annals of any nation."

MR. SCHUYLER COLEMAN made a speech at Washington, on Saturday, the 19th inst., in which he denounced the South for the manner in which it was carrying out the reconstruction policy, argued strongly against undue precipitation in re-admitting the revolted States, but at the same time bore emphatic testimony to Mr. Johnson's sincerity and goodness of purpose. What he thinks ought to be done does not clearly appear; but, as well as we can make out, he is in favor of keeping the revolted States out a little while longer on probation.

GOVERNOR PARSONS, of Alabama, has sent his message to the Legislature. He recommends the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment and the passage of a vagrant law applicable to both whites and blacks. This is a good suggestion, but there is very little value in the applicability of a law unless it is applied, and when we know for certain that a stringent vagrant law has in any State in the South been applied to anybody but blacks we shall confess that we have done Southern men great injustice.

A CHARLESTON paper thinks that the name and medicines of a certain patent doctor of this city "should be as household words in every home throughout the South." The reason assigned for so intimate an adoption is that he is a Southern man, and having unfortunately been found in bad company at the outbreak of the rebellion, was shut up with other suspicious characters, finally banished from Missouri, and his property confiscated to the State. It is not clear what all this has to do with the quality of his medicines, nor what obligation it imposes on every Southern family to contract the ailments which he professes to cure. Our notion of the purity of Southern society is none of the highest, but we should almost give it over as hopelessly corrupt if the pernicious drugs of this man's manufacture were as indispensable as the whiskey-bottle and the snuff-box.

THE rewards offered last spring for the capture of Tucker, Sanders, and Co. have been withdrawn. It is to be regretted that the grounds for suspecting them of complicity in the assassination were not more thoroughly sifted before a price was set on them. The total failure of the Government to connect either them or Davis with the crime suggests the conclusion that the proclamation was issued without due consideration.

THE Unionists have elected the governor and all other candidates in Colorado.

THE Canadian militia have passed the last fortnight in awful and portentous preparations for an attack by the Fenians of Western New York. The last order by the "administrator of the Government and commander-in-chief" is of a most inspiring character, and is said to

have filled the militia with martial ardor. But if anybody expects to see the Fenians and Canadians meet in battle array, he will be greatly disappointed. Both parties vastly prefer the smell of a good dinner to the smell of gunpowder, though we freely admit that, whenever they do meet, they will furnish materials for an epic. We bespeak the subject for Mr. Walt Whitman, who, of all the poets we know, is the only one competent to do justice to it.

*Blackwood's Magazine* tells a story of Lord Palmerston's having made up his mind to fight the United States after the Trent affair, and having been only restrained by Cornwall Lewis and Gladstone, and other more pacific members of the Cabinet. The story is probably true, and as he is dead we can afford to laugh over the dismal manner in which the Tory writer deplores the old aristocrat's failure to carry out his purpose.

THE Emperor of the French has written a long letter to Marshal MacMahon concerning his observations of the people and country of Algeria. His conclusion is that the three millions of natives are neither to be exterminated nor driven into the desert, but to be lived with, to be fashioned to French laws, and to be convinced of French superiority, not only in arms but in peaceful institutions. "In exercising," says the Emperor, "a prompt and equal justice with them, in augmenting their well-being, in developing education and those sentiments of morality which elevate human dignity, we shall show them that the French flag was not carried to Africa to subject them, but to bring them the benefits of civilization."

THE Paris journals boast that the number of strangers visiting their city has not been perceptibly diminished by the presence of the cholera. They attribute this fact to the known wholesomeness of the city, to which the pure air of its vast avenues and the excellence of its abundant water chiefly contribute.

THE editor of the Paris *Figaro* has lately met on the field of honor a Spanish gentleman, to whom the journalist's pleasantries about the Queen of Spain had proven offensive. This is a terrible state of things, when subjects have to take up their sovereign's newspaper quarrels, and the poor journalists have to give point to their jokes with the rapier.

IT is announced that the ribbon trade at Lyons has received the liveliest impulse from America since the close of the war. Many heavy orders have been lately received. The operatives again have plenty of work, and this at better wages than ever before, for the price of ribbons has risen almost one-third.

THE Parisian journals announce the departure of the Emperor for his model farm, Korner-Houet, in Brittany, which he has established in one of the vast heaths of the province, to prove to the people the land is not sterile, as they had supposed. This visit will be the first that a French sovereign has paid to Brittany since the time of Henry IV.

AT Bautzen, in Saxony, on the 28th of October, justice was obliged to descend to a hideous hand-to-hand combat with a criminal about to be guillotined. The papers recount that he mounted the scaffold very tranquilly, but then commenced a furious struggle with the executioners. Four men in vain attempted to subdue the efforts of the condemned, who was a person of slender frame and no great apparent strength. He bit and struck them, and repeatedly cried out, "Help! I am innocent! Save me! You are murderers! I want to speak to the director of the prison again!" At last one of the assistants caught the condemned by the hair, and, pulling his head violently back, rendered him helpless. He was bound to the plank, still protesting his innocence, and declaring that human justice was assassination. The fall of the knife put an end to the revolting scene, which could scarcely have impressed the spectators with the dignity and awfulness of justice.

IN one of the little German principalities a tailor named Conrad Hillemacher died recently at the age of a hundred and seven years. He

took a walk every day up to the end of his hundred and seventh year, and read his Bible until his sight refused its office, when he bitterly reproached the opticians with the worthlessness of their spectacles. This patriarch was the father of forty-five sons and two daughters, and had three hundred and eighty-three grandchildren. If he had continued in the prime of life, he would have made his little prince the sovereign of a populous empire.

THE health of Madrid is reported to be improving from day to day, and the cholera is rapidly disappearing. The greatest care was taken by the Government to prevent its ravages. The Queen, hearing that certain penal establishments were too crowded, pardoned all the prisoners whose terms were near expiration. Her Majesty, however, absented herself from the capital during the worst days of the epidemic, in grace to the prayers of her ministers and people, who were unwilling that she should incur danger of the cholera while in the interesting situation which may be said to be almost habitual with Her Majesty.

CORRESPONDENCE of the *Indépendance Belge* says that the King and Queen of Portugal, who are now at Turin, will proceed on a visit to the Pope, and will then be the secret and semi-official mediators between His Holiness and Victor Emanuel.

ALL the elections in Hungary for the National Diet, to be assembled at Pesth, indicate the triumph of the moderate party, of which the Prince Deak is the head.

A ROMAN correspondent of the *Débats* denies that the ex-King of Naples has any present intention of leaving Rome, either for Lochnoma or Würtemberg, which, socially speaking, would be about as bad. Meantime, he remains unhappy in the Farne Palace, the prey of greedy and unprincipled adventurers, who affect devotion to an exiled prince that they may devour his substance. He has ceased to subsidize brigandage in Naples, which has therefore invaded the Papal territory, where it now flourishes.

How curiously the sentiment of the classic world is blent with that of ours in the item of Greek news, that some soldiers had recently attacked and brutally beaten his worship the Mayor of Marathon! Another piece of Greek gossip reads like a page from About's "King of the Mountains." The government had offered a reward for a brigand chief, which a certain priest resolved to earn. He sent word to the robber that at a given time he would be found at a place named with four rich and helpless merchants; and disguising four gendarmes as traders, he repaired to the rendezvous, having first placed a body of soldiers in ambush near by, to be summoned to the scene by the first sound of fire-arms. The brigands kept the appointment promptly, and the gendarmes duly fired their pistols; but before the soldiers could arrive, the robbers had cut the priest in pieces, and seized three of the luckless gendarmes, with whom they escaped to the mountains.

#### THE FREEDMEN.

In the absence of any official information concerning the freedmen, we continue our extracts from the commercial correspondence from which we have already frequently copied. Under date of Oct. 8, at New Orleans, the writer remarks upon the great diversity of opinion in Louisiana as to the capacity of the freedmen for steady work. He finds, what might have been looked for *a priori*, that the Southerners who have fairly tried free labor have been surprised by the performance of the blacks, while Northerners, especially those whose plantations lay in the track of the army worm, have been disappointed. One of the former—a "persistent, bitter, and uncompromising secessionist," who made a good crop this year, is a convert to free negro labor, and only fears that not enough of it can be obtained—thus explains his method of dealing with the freedmen:

"Last season I worked my hands by means of an overseer, and all the trouble and tumult common among the other negroes and upon the other plantations ensued. I made up my mind that it was all the fault of the over-

seer, a good enough man in his way, better than the average—but, like the rest, he persisted in ignoring the change that had taken place in affairs, and worked on the old system. So this season I resolved to go into the field myself. I told my hands at the commencement of the season just what I would do for them, just what I expected them to do for me; they raised sweet potatoes, eggs, and chickens on their own account. I fed and clothed them, and paid them so much. I have not had the least trouble. They have uniformly treated me with respect as I have them with justice. They are all perfectly satisfied with their year's work, and I expect to pursue exactly the same course next season, and have no doubt I shall get along just as well. I should not go into the field with my negroes myself if necessity did not compel me to it; it has compelled me to it; and it will compel me to it for many years to come, I expect. I have about eighty head of negroes. Of these only some twenty odd work in the field; the rest are too old or too young, or house servants. At fifty cents a pound for cotton I can afford to support not only the negroes, but their families. If cotton falls, I shall explain to my hands, and they will comprehend me, that not receiving so much, I cannot afford to give them so much. I am willing always to make a fair division with them."

In Texas, where a vast amount of cotton is going to waste through the absolute refusal of the planters to imitate the example just cited, our correspondent found one who had had the following experience with his laborers:

"He informs me that as slaves they were in the habit of picking from 200 to 400 pounds of seed cotton per diem, picking say 300 pounds upon an average, and picking it clean and nice. He first paid them by the month, and they averaged only 50 pounds per day. Then he paid them by the pound, and they rose in one day to the old amount, and only worked half as long as they used in the old time; but, instead of picking the plants *clean*, they hurried through the field, pulling out the largest bunches and scattering all the rest around, trampling down the plants, and losing from two thirds to three-quarters in the field. This could all have been avoided, of course, if they had had a superintendent or overseer who had them under control; but the fact is, the freedmen have no idea of *real*, sensible freedom, and fancy the word means license, complete and unrestrained; hence they refuse to be controlled by any one."

It was unavoidable that the States most remote, in point of communication, from Washington, should be the last to receive the attention and acknowledge the control of the Freedmen's Bureau; and this must be remembered when the writer says:

"To prove how slow and inadequate are the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau, there was not an agent in the State, except on the island of Galveston, when I landed. The day before I left Austin, the *capital*, a lieutenant reported for the first time, but he informed me he had sent in his resignation, and it was plainly to be seen that the duty was distasteful to him. As Gen. Thomas well says, it will take heroes to do the work proposed. At present their work is about equal to Mrs. Partington and her mop *versus* the Atlantic Ocean. Gen. Gregory told me that it was almost impossible to find officers competent and willing to act as agents. Only two had been sent to him when I left Galveston. He is a host in himself, however, and has got Galveston at least under his control."

As has been often stated, the industrious and loyal Germans of Texas bring to market uniformly cleaner and better handled cotton than that produced by slave cultivation. Our correspondent writes from San Antonio de Bexar, October 26:

"My route from Austin to this city took me through the German settlement of New Braunfels. All the Germans intend to plant cotton next year, and I should not be surprised if the amount raised in this State by their labor alone should amount to one hundred thousand bales. At New Braunfels I found a cotton-mill in operation, started within three weeks, and running from early dawn till eleven o'clock at night. The machinery is stated to have come from England, but I discovered it was from New York, smuggled across the border, just before the close of the war, from Mexico. These Germans here maintain all their national characteristics, and as an evidence of their loyalty it is sufficient to state that, out of twenty-two hundred enlisted in the Confederate service at New Braunfels, seventeen hundred deserted as soon as they found themselves in the vicinity of our troops, and, re-enlisting under the old flag, fought straight through to the end. The first place in Texas where they hoisted the Stars and Stripes at the surrender was here at New Braunfels, two months before they saw a Federal soldier in their vicinity. In fact, their sincerity and loyalty are not to be questioned, and they will prove the redemption of the State in the end."

—Mr. Leigh, of the Freedmen's Association of this city, having reached Paris in his trans-Atlantic tour, introduced a novelty even to that city of novelties *par excellence*. It is thus announced by the *Débats*:

"We have had a 'meeting' in Paris. It is true that its object concerned America, the country of 'meetings,' which gave to an attempt of this sort with us a certain propriety. It is true, moreover, that it was an American who asked and obtained permission of the authorities, who were unwilling by a refusal to cause him to remark the differences that distinguish our institutions from those of his native land."

The *Débats* then tells how Mr. Leigh called upon the committee of

French ladies, who have exerted themselves to enlist the sympathies of their countrymen in the condition of the American freedmen.

"We have only received thus far," they told him, "about 45,000 francs. Well," said he, "let us get up some meetings!" Men might perhaps have responded, with a toss of the head, "We are not in America;" but women are more confident than men, and the Administration, which is sometimes gallant, permitted a "meeting" to be held on Friday last (Nov. 3) at Herz Hall, "under the responsibility of the committee," doubtless thinking that the speakers would not compromise these ladies with the public authorities.

The hall was quite full long before the hour for assembling; a thousand persons were prevented from obtaining admittance. Those who had the good sense to arrive seasonably were present at a genuine "meeting," that is to say, a gathering where almost all are agreed in advance upon the subject for discussion, and where each one comes to treat it in his own fashion and from his own point of view. The speakers succeeded each other a little at random: some spoke who had intended to keep silent; others, who were equally prepared to speak or to be silent, forbore to speak in order not to prolong the session."

M. Laboulaye presided, and made a somewhat elaborate address. Remarks were also made by M. Coquerel *s fils*, M. Crémieux, Dr. Sunderland, and M. Fred. Monod.

"The 'meeting' passed no 'resolutions'—we are not far enough along for that—but a contribution which was taken up afforded it an opportunity of manifesting its feelings for the blacks by giving money—a mode of expression which is as good as any other, and is assuredly the most sincere of all."

## Minor Topics.

ONE day last week six persons were arrested, in different parts of the city, for the offence of carrying concealed weapons, and were punished with the usual penalties by the magistrates before whom they were brought. Four of the offenders were drunk at the time of their arrest, and were endangering the lives of peaceable people by a furious and rather purposeless display of fire-arms. They were tipsy swash-bucklers, it seems, and were far from making any concealment of their weapons, which was the offence punished in them; but accident or drunken whim might have made them homicides at any moment, and they were, therefore, more perilous to the public peace than if they had kept their revolvers hidden. The law against carrying concealed weapons is one of those sagacious enactments which every one is safe in breaking; and the fate of the swaggering heroes of the late arrest need not trouble honest people who keep their swords in their canes, their pistols in their pockets, and their Colt's up their coat-sleeves. Every one must settle for himself the question whether he will or will not carry weapons about his person, for it is quite certain that justice will know nothing of them till they are used, and will not blame their use if it is in the cause of individual safety and social order. If little Jones carries a revolver, it will probably make him very unhappy in his walks by night, peopling the obscurity everywhere with forms of violence and robbery; and it will be a constant anguish to Mrs. Jones, whose sole idea of revolvers is that they shoot their owners. But if it really happened that the houseless wanderer, who never knows what time it is after nightfall, goes about asking gentlemen the hour in lonely places, should attempt the watch or pocket-book of little Jones, and Jones should shoot him, the use of concealed weapons would have no unpleasant consequence, except to the houseless wanderer; unless, indeed (as is very probable), Jones is afterwards sorry he did not let him take the watch and be done with it.

The question of providing means of self-defence remains, as we said, for individual decision, but it is a pity that the authorities should suffer such a question to present itself to peaceable persons, and they must answer for the undoubted evils which ensue from the practice of carrying deadly weapons. Men assemble in society and frame laws for the better protection of their lives and property, but society is the worst of states where the laws are not enforced, and a sense of insecurity prevails. As in the spurious civilization of our Southern States before the war, the strong and the manly are the first to assert the right of self-defence, and the defencelessness of the orderly is redoubled. If Jones and Robinson feel unsafe in our streets, and this feeling extends throughout the community, Michael O'Fenian and other ornaments to politics and society will make haste to arm themselves against possible danger, and scarcely

any choice but arming is left to those who would only too gladly leave their protection to the law.

At the present time, the alarming prevalence of violence in New York cannot be gainsaid. People are not only assailed and robbed in remote quarters of the city, but in the most public places. A man in broad daylight, while attempting to pocket change given him by the conductor of a horse-car, is set upon by ruffians, hustled from the platform, and plundered of his money. At night such cases are too common to be worth special mention; and we only speak of the robbery of a whole car full of passengers, a few nights since, because it was an exploit of peculiar picturesqueness and dramatic effect, conceived and executed with the boldest genius. A troop of five or six brigands, well-armed and daring, took possession of a car, and while one saw that the conductor gave no trouble and another stood guard over the driver, the rest robbed the passengers of their money, watches, and other valuables, without any of that indecent haste which too often attends similar operations.

In the meantime, the community, while openly doubtful of its safety, reposes a perfect confidence in the efficiency of the police. "However we may be misgoverned in other respects," says a community which is knocked upon the head and plundered of its watch whenever it ventures out after dark, "we are fortunate in having an efficient police force." It is natural that a community which sees no fault in the protection inadequate to security should imagine a defect in itself, and seek to repair it by means of concealed weapons. It is the misfortune of such a community if, finally, this means of safety breeds greater danger, but it is hardly to be blamed for that. Indeed, but for the confidence in the police which we feel in common with others, we should say that weak-handed authority was to blame for it, and we should be little comforted by the knowledge that we might wear a revolver if we liked.

It may be police-nature, which revolts from unpleasant localities; but did any one, obliged to pass by night through a suspicious or rascal quarter of the town, ever meet a policeman exactly at the moment the encounter would have been cheerfulness? or fail to meet numbers of policemen within the glimpse of the gay green lights of the attractive station-house? We read in the daily papers occasionally that a victim's outcries promptly summon the police, but this, though a species of satisfaction, is not altogether the sort of experience through which one would care to test the proximity of the police. It is undignified to cry out before you are assailed, and not always possible to do so afterwards. Still, after all, these are merely phenomenal aspects of the question, and we should be sorry to leave the subject without renewing the expression of our confidence in the police of a city which, while it rivals Naples in the filth of its streets, may well challenge the most favored regions of California to equal the daring and impunity of its brigands.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a most lamentable account of the morals and manners of B. T. Trevail, the author of the work on "Shooting and Fishing in the Rivers, Prairies, and Backwoods of America," which we noticed in our last number. He says he is "near-sighted," that "he never fired a gun in his life," that he knows nothing of America "except this city and the watering-places," and that in fact he has evolved all his sporting stories out of the "depths of his own moral consciousness." He adds that he (the correspondent) gave him "the beginning of a thrashing" in Paris some years ago for abusing Americans, but does not state what prevented the completion of the process, together with some other matter of a highly libellous character, such as that the said Trevail was once connected with the *New York Herald*, but which, for obvious reasons, we decline to publish. If all of it be true, we feel bound to withdraw our recommendation to American publishers to reproduce the book in this country. The manufacture of sporting stories can be, and is, we take it, carried on just as successfully here as abroad, and we should be sorry to see the efforts of a foreigner in this field encouraged at the expense of native artificers. "Fish stories," accounts of bear fights and of pigeon-shooting and deer-hunting, are produced in this city of as good workmanship, on as short notice, and at as low a rate, as in any other city in the world.

*Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.*

*All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.*

#### THE SOLUTION OF THE MEXICAN PROBLEM.

GENERAL GRANT, during his recent visit to this city, as well as on all other occasions, has taken so little pains to conceal his sentiments on the Mexican question that we presume there are very few who are now ignorant that he is in favor of a tolerably quick and peremptory settlement of it. What lends all the greater gravity to what he says, either on this or any other question of public policy, is that he is not only a man of few words, but a man of singular discretion—perhaps the last man in the public service to embarrass the Government by even the appearance of tracing out any line of policy for which it was not already prepared. Providence, by mercifully denying him the gift of the gab, has saved him from the temptation by which so many of our generals, and statesmen, and diplomatists are so easily beset, and to which so many of them fall victims, of making a clean breast of it, and telling everything they know or think, and a good many things they neither think nor know, at whatever cost to the Government or injury to the public service, every time a brass band strikes up under their bedroom window, or a few admirers give them a supper. We may feel right well assured, therefore, that when he, the military adviser of the Government, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, says a certain course ought to be pursued towards a foreign power, the President and Cabinet have pretty nearly made up their minds to pursue it, whenever, in their opinion, the proper time comes.

There is now no indiscretion in saying that in General Grant's opinion Maximilian ought to be driven out of Mexico, and the population put in possession of the inalienable right of choosing how they will be governed. And the reasons which weigh most strongly with him in favor of this course are partly those by which the general public is influenced, and partly others to which it has given little or no thought. The consideration by which the public is perhaps most influenced in desiring the overthrow of the Mexican Empire is mainly a sentimental one, though not for this reason one whit the less respectable. Positive loss or damage from the French invasion of Mexico we can hardly be said to have suffered. The Monroe doctrine, it is true, has been set at naught by it, but the Monroe doctrine is, after all, only a doctrine, and as yet the consequences of its violation touch our dignity rather than our security or our pockets. The time chosen for the invasion, too, made it, perhaps, the most unmistakably unfriendly demonstration directed against us by a foreign power during the late war. The other sins of which we complain were either sins of omission, or offences against taste. This one was a direct and solemn official declaration of contempt for our feelings and opinions, and of confidence in our weakness and helplessness. The invasion, itself an insult, with the establishment by force of foreign arms on the ruins of a republic on our border, of a form of government so entirely opposed to the ideas and traditions of the New World, and so repugnant to the spirit of our own institutions, was a plain intimation that European powers considered it not improbable that they might, before very long, be called upon to settle our difficulties in a similar way.

We can hardly be said, however, to have been seriously injured by these demonstrations of hostility. Those may laugh who win, and so far as Louis Napoleon's Mexican expedition was an indication of his dislike of our policy or of a disposition to interfere with us when opportunity served, our success has been, perhaps, a sufficient punishment. But it was more than an indication of dislike and a threat of interference. It is a standing and continued act of aggression on republican institutions, and, as such, ought to be put an end to as soon as possible, and if for no other reason, out of regard for the peaceful diffusion and triumph of the ideas of which we have made ourselves, on this continent at least, the expounders and champions.

It is as to the mode of doing this that our Government finds it most

difficult to decide. It would, of course, be easy to send an ultimatum to Louis Napoleon, calling on him to withdraw his troops, and, in case of refusal, to follow it up by war, and this course would probably find plenty of favor at the hands of stump-orators, and in the columns of sensational newspapers. But we have found out what it costs for even a strong nation to use all its strength, and have thus learned from our own experience the value of the maxim which makes war the last resort, and makes it incumbent on statesmen to seek nothing through it which there is a reasonable chance of getting in any other way. It is very certain that the French Emperor is now convinced of his mistake in going to Mexico at all, and it is probable that, being convinced of this, he will take an early opportunity of withdrawing quietly. If, however, any visible pressure is brought to bear on him, or he is visibly menaced, a common regard for the safety of his own dynasty might force him to resist. The French people would never forgive the withdrawal of French troops under a threat, and he might thus be plunged into a war which he is most anxious to avoid. So that the difficult and delicate question now remains to be decided, how long a time we ought to allow him for peaceable retreat, and what kind and amount of pressure may be safely used to hasten it.

It has to be considered, on the other hand—and on this point we believe General Grant's opinions are very decided—that waiting for him at all is a very expensive process; that the existence of the empire in Mexico forces us to keep up a large standing army, and to prevent that approximation to the *status quo* in all departments of the public service which the public credit, as well as public morals and prosperity, imperatively calls for. Moreover, the suspense created by the unsettled state of our relations with France is producing an almost paralyzing effect on our business; so much so that, in the opinion of a great many shrewd men, and we believe we may include General Grant in the number, the cost of waiting is, taking all things together, greater than the cost of going to war at once would be. Whether, if the French were gone, we ought to leave Maximilian alone, and entrust the destruction of his government, supposing it to be able to withstand the direct assaults of the Mexican liberals, which we do not believe, to the contagion of republican ideas propagated from our soil, and the gradual influx of American colonists into his territory—a process now sure to go on—is another question. Our own impression is, that the imperial government would not survive the withdrawal of the French troops; but if it did, it would only be by becoming a great military power, and in maintaining a large and highly disciplined army. Supposing this were possible, it would be a state of things menacing to our peace and security, and which this Government would not permit. The presence of a power of this kind on our border would force us to remain in a state of constant preparation for war, after the fashion of the European monarchies, and would end, by the indirect influence which this state of preparation would exercise on the public mind, and on the machinery of government, in endangering if not seriously curtailing our liberties. In short, there seems every reason to believe that soon after Congress meets we shall witness an attempt at a swift solution of the whole problem.

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#### THE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.

From the London *Spectator*.

WE are still without precise intelligence from Jamaica, but enough is known of the condition of the island to justify us in a blank denial of the assertions that the negroes said to be in insurrection are influenced by Haytian agitators, and are themselves only too well off. They are badly off, so badly off that the island has for months been a perplexity to the Colonial Office, and that for seven weeks at least the Secretary of State has expected news of an attempted insurrection. Letters are even now in town from Jamaica in which the alarm of the local government and the strange movements among the squadron are noticed either with ridicule or apprehension, and the few persons still keenly interested in the colony are well aware of a discontent which a trifle may have sufficed to blow into a flame. This discontent has been growing for years, and finds its ultimate root in two causes, one of which is ineradicable, except perhaps by long-continued prosperity,

while the other is within the reach of parliamentary action. The two are the increase of population and the character of the Legislative Assembly. The negroes, always prolific, as very poor races are everywhere apt to be, have since the emancipation multiplied with extraordinary rapidity. The climate suits them, the release from forced labor has increased the healthiness of the women, early marriage has been fostered as an antidote to the immorality customary in slave colonies, and though there is a terrible amount of licence remaining, it is not of a kind or degree to check greatly the increase of population. The pressure for subsistence becomes yearly greater, while the means of procuring it grow yearly less. Sugar, the grand staple of the export trade, cannot be cultivated to advantage without scientific appliances, that is, without capital, and capital has for years been leaving Jamaica, till only some 30,000 persons are now maintained by the ancient cultivation of the island. Other planting scarcely exists, and the negroes, therefore, are driven to hire little plots of ground, upon which they grow their food and some little tobacco, but scarcely anything else which can be converted into money. The island is therefore practically populated by cottiers, as poor as Irish cottiers, as dependent upon the harvest, and, if it be possible, still more unenlightened.

To this population, over-numerous, poverty-stricken, and ignorant, the Legislative Assembly adds a number of colored immigrants imported from India, and used up at a frightful pace, and refuses justice, education, and a sound system of conveyance. That Assembly is elected by less than 2,500 voters in a population of 441,000, and legislates exclusively in the interest of the planters. These latter are, as a body, inheritors of the slaveholding ideas, and sometimes of the slaveholding morality, and they have refused all measures in the interest of the blacks, wasted half a million sterling on coolies, who die like sheep, passed a whipping act which recalls the tone of the old Black Code, and imposed enormous duties on English imports, duties so heavy that, as was publicly stated in the Assembly, the negroes were falling back upon nakedness to avoid the cost of clothing as raised by the last tariff. They could pay in kind, but they cannot in cash, and they have no means of raising more. The planters will not buy of them, the dealers do not like the half-cleaned produce which is all they, as cottier cultivators, can offer, and in many cases the right of eviction is used as in Bengal, to compel the tenantry to cultivate particular articles and sell them to the owner at fixed prices. Of one such case we have the details, as of others which prove that the true substitute for slavery, fair wages for fair work, has not yet entered the island imagination. The greatest grievance of all, however, is the refusal of justice. Jamaica has been organized on the country gentleman system, the owners being the sole magistrates, and the owners are said to be unfair towards the colored population. It does not matter much in a political point of view whether this charge is true or not. Observers like Dr. Underhill, a cool, shrewd man, whose evidence is distrusted because he is secretary to the Baptist Mission, but who is a layman and not a negrophile, think it has a foundation, the planter even when upright being swayed by a feeling of race engrained into his very heart. Successive governors, too, have thought it, and have pleaded for stipendiary magistrates, but the Assembly is jealous of its electors' power, and absolutely refuses to change the system. Whether, however, the charge is true or false, it is believed to be true, and that belief is fatal to any confidence between governors and governed. The negro when injured will not apply to the magistrates, and when summoned accepts his sentence as a "white oppression," while all civil contracts fall hopelessly out of gear. Knowing that he has to deal with a poor employer, the negro refuses to make a binding contract, and when engaged by the day bolts, unless regularly paid. He cannot recover his wages by law, and therefore can and will give no credit, while the planter who wants him for only half the year is often unable to pay until the crop is in, that is, until the negro has abandoned his own crop for the uncertain chance of obtaining his employer's wages. There are no county courts available, and the negro finding no redress from the civil law, believing in none from the criminal law, ignorant by legislative defect, and self-indulgent from the absence of result to his self-restraint, falls back absolutely upon the little plot which is not his, to which he can get no lease, and which he is not permitted by the conveyancing system to buy. When that plot fails, the world fails from beneath his feet, and for the past two years it has failed from drought, failed till the people were in places actually without food—there is no poor law—till they, among the vainest of races, leave their children without clothing, till in places they deliberated whether they, like their fathers, had not better fly to the mountains. The accidental publication of a letter from Dr. Underhill to Mr. Cardwell, which had so impressed the Secretary that he forwarded it to Governor Eyre for a report, blew the discontent into a flame, and meetings of colored men were held, demanding higher wages, education, better representation, an end to immigration, and the exemption of raw materials from import duties. None of these demands were complied with; the Governor, though admitting the badness of the governing class, condemned the negroes, and an unlucky placard was published by authority, headed "The Queen's Advice," and containing in other words the answer which Pharaoh gave to the children of Israel, "Ye are idle, ye are idle." This increased the irritation to its height, and some accidental circumstance, most probably a move-

ment among the West Indian Regiments, who are principally liberated Africans, has, we doubt not, caused the explosion which has led to the demand for troops. It cannot be a very formidable one, for the negroes have no arms, and unless the black soldiers have joined it, it is difficult to see why they alone were not strong enough to put it down.

The first duty of the Government, it is clear, is to put down the insurrection. Whatever the evils inherent in the present system, and they are many, the violent uprising of an ignorant population is not the remedy for them, and they must if needful be reduced to order by the strong arm. That done, however, it will become the duty of the Imperial Government to re-organize the island, if necessary by measures of revolutionary breadth. The old order of things has broken down. The Assembly, convened on a plan two hundred years old, is a nest of jobbers, and the planting class is, alike by hereditary feeling and by circumstances, disqualified for the possession of absolute power. If they were angels, they would be disqualified by the ineradicable distrust among those they govern begotten by two centuries of misrule, and being what they are, average Englishmen, with strong prejudices, declining capital, and the moral tone of a passed-away state of society, are entirely unable to attract the confidence of those beneath them. On the other hand, there is no class in the country to whom their power can be transferred. The mulattoes are not educated, and encourage race hatreds of their own, and the negroes must be educated before they can be trusted with the franchise. There is no iron necessity, as in the Southern States of America, for giving them power in order that they may not be trampled on, for an authority exists in the island competent to secure justice. The Queen's representative, and he alone in Jamaica, possesses at once the requisite knowledge, the needful confidence, and the indispensable freedom from class interests, and to him all power should, as in Ceylon, be temporarily confided. If Mr. Cardwell doubts as to the condition of the island, let him send out a royal commission of enquiry, or if, as is probable, he knows facts as strong as any commission could gather, let him at once propose to Parliament the conversion of Jamaica into a Queen's colony. Ceylon, with its hostile races and labor difficulties, prospers under that régime, and any governor who has served in the Mauritius, or Ceylon, or India, would be able to re-arrange society upon the double bases of peasant proprietorship and swift redress for civil or military injury. There is no danger to the planter in such a change, for the governor would be a white, and the stronger the laws against fraud, the greater the influence of capital and ownership. Transform most of the taxes from customs duties into the direct imposts, as Earl Grey recommended, and the negro must work to earn them, while a new tenure for the waste land, a system of compulsory education, and a little increase in the means of communicating between the interior and the sea, will speedily give him means of payment. The talk about negro indolence is pure rubbish. There is no settled race upon earth which is indolent, the Bengalee slaving nine hours a day, and the Neapolitan tilling his land with as much assiduity as a Dutchman, and the negro is only lazy because he never reaps the reward of labor. Ten years of strict, equal government, administered by a man who can press hard when needful on either race, and who will attend to physical improvement, will, we believe, make the island as prosperous as Ceylon, where, with no slavery and a native population which will not work for wages, the people import European goods to the extent of a pound a head per annum, and the Treasury is so overflowing that the Colonial Office has quarrelled with the planters by issuing an order that they shall pay for their own troops. Nothing short of a radical change like this can, we are convinced, save the island, which is full of natural resources, from sinking finally into the condition of a great tropical pauper warren, hopelessly insolvent, and requiring to be garrisoned with at least five thousand men. A possession of that kind is worse than useless, and it rests with Mr. Cardwell to avoid a calamity which may yet interfere with the prosperity budgets of many years. He has a great opportunity before him, and may yet prove to the public that he possesses the one quality opinion does not attribute to him—governing force.

## Correspondence.

### THE RHYME OF THE MASTER'S MATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Like King James's "whipping boy," I have just had a sound literary flogging from yourself and others for something I never did, to wit, "The Rhyme of the Master's Mate." To be sure, I was a master's mate once (till promoted by a judicious department), and was always proud to hail from the "starboard steerage," which, indeed, I took for my *nom de plume*. Had it been the "forecastle" I should have been prouder still. But I did not write that piece, and will thank you to say so.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

## WINTER DAVIS ON RECONSTRUCTION.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

My extreme reluctance to intrude on the public where I am not responsible for results, has hitherto withheld me from offering to you the following communication.

The Connecticut vote has solved my doubts and removed my hesitations. It reveals the fact that the great body of the Republicans are true to their principles, but that there is an unreliable minority in our ranks willing to unite with the enemies of the country to prevent us from consolidating our victory and securing its fruits. These two elements will, I fear, be found to divide our friends in Congress. Our great majority there can be broken only by a great desertion. A few we may expect to be disloyal. We may trust, however, that enough will not join those who have vilified us for four years to place them in control of the Houses. If they do, then Connecticut is the emblem of the fate of our cause, and the same coalition which perpetuated there the seeds of discord will prevent our rooting them out for ever from the nation.

In Connecticut no practical importance attaches to the negro vote, and old prejudice was free to assert its power. But in the Southern States lately in rebellion the negro population is a *controlling power*, if properly organized and endowed with arms and ballots. It is the only power on which the United States can rely there in the event of a renewed rebellion. It is the only body of people who can give the white minority of loyal men a voice in the nation, and prevent them from being overwhelmed and ostracized by the hostile majority. It is the only body of natural friends of the United States in all those States, for its freedom depends on the integrity of the Union. It is the only body from which a Republican vote can be expected in any of those States, for the mass of whites, loyal as well as disloyal, hate and vilify us, while the negroes know that their liberty is *our gift*, and that as surely as it would cease on disunion, so surely its safety and enjoyment would be jeopardized and impaired by the accession to power in the United States of the old coalition of their masters in possession of the Southern States, and the Democrats holding enough of the Northern States to elect a President or control either House of Congress.

The tone of the Southern press—now merely muttering between bayonets—is that of execration against the Republicans, while unanimous in supporting the President they elected; and to overlook this manifestation of Southern temper, in dealing with their restoration to political power, is to seal our own death-warrant, and secure the triumph of our opponents and of the enemies of the country for a generation. This grave question is to be settled within the next session of Congress, and probably in its earlier weeks. They who elected the President stood confounded and divided by the policy he has dictated to them for its solution. The North Carolina proclamation they tolerated as an experiment, till it has indurated into a policy executed in every State which rebelled, and supported by every Northern Democrat and every rebel pretending to loyalty. In words, the proclamations summon that "portion of the people who are loyal" to reorganize the State governments. But in reality they exclude the whole negro population, half the aggregate population, and nearly the whole of those who have always been loyal in those States. Under these proclamations, therefore, no republican form of government is possible.

The only alternatives are an oligarchy of loyal whites or an aristocracy of hostile whites. The one is loyal, but is not republican; the other is neither loyal nor republican. The former President Lincoln organized in Virginia and Louisiana; the President is organizing under his proclamations the latter. The legal effect of their recognition is to restore the State governments to those whom we have just expelled from them, to subject the emancipated negroes to the discriminating legislation of their masters, to continue their domination over the loyal minority, to guarantee to them the right to represent, now three-fifths, and at the next census the whole, of the disfranchised negroes; and to admit to Congress votes enough to compel equality, at the peril of anarchy, between loyalty and disloyalty. They were our armed enemies when Lee surrendered; they are now our disarmed enemies. They are now for independence and slavery, and against union and freedom; they acquiesce in both till time or disaster gives them opportunity to realize their hopes, and till then their interest and purpose are to obliterate every distinction between those who rebelled and those who put down the rebellion. In all the South the only mass of the population interested and able to foil these designs is the negroes whom the President has disfranchised.

Whatever his purpose may be, his policy is that of our enemies. His apologists say the President is in favor of negro suffrage, but that is small comfort if his proclamations exclude it. We remember his declaration that traitors should be punished, yet none are punished; that only loyal men should control the States, yet he has delivered them to the disloyal; that the aristocracy should be pulled down, yet he has put it in power again; that its possessions should be divided among Northern laborers of all colors, yet the negroes are still a landless, homeless class; that he was opposed to military commissions, yet they still defile the land, and others for higher victims are said to be in preparation! The President's words are, therefore, uncertain guides to his conduct. His apologists say, to the States alone belongs the question of suffrage, and the President left it to the people interested in it. But that is what the President did not do. The negroes of the States which rebelled form in some States a majority, in others a half, in all a vast, powerful, and loyal body of citizens, and to them he has not left it. On the contrary, he has left them to the will of their masters. It is true the President has no power to dictate who shall vote, but it is equally true that he has no power to dictate who shall not vote. He has as much power to admit as to exclude. His apologists assure us it was in obedience to the State constitutions, which survive the State governments. But the President's proclamations do not say so, and his conduct says to the contrary. He did not obey the Constitution in making the oath a qualification

of suffrage, nor in authorizing the provisional governor to determine the loyalty of voters, nor in appointing him to make rules for convening the convention, nor in directing it to be convened at all, nor in requiring it to prohibit slavery; and it is nonsense to say if he was not bound on these points he was bound on negro suffrage. His whole conduct was an usurpation, but it was no more usurpation to direct his agents to receive than to refuse negro votes.

The suggestion that the constitutions survive the governments is at once absurd and dangerous. The governments ceased to exist because they disowned their subordination to the United States in point of law. Our arms expelled them as usurpations in point of fact. The constitutions were constitutions of those governments, and of nothing else. If they did not constitute those governments they constituted nothing. A constitution of nothing is nothing. A constitution which does not constitute, is a contradiction in terms. Such are the absurdities of this new form of Southern constitutional metaphysics!

Our ordinary language is elliptical. We speak of a constitution, but that means nothing till we add, of *what*. We mean a *constitution of government*; and the moment we say what we mean, the folly of a constitution surviving the government is apparent. When the rebellion usurped power in the States, the State governments ceased to exist; the constitutions became dead forms; the line of official transmission of powers was broken; there ceased to be any person designated to renew the functions of government, and they could never be renewed till the people *constituted anew* the governments, or Congress, in executing its guarantee, directed such governments to be *constituted*. For a government is certain *men* charged with certain *powers*. A constitution of government is the law creating the powers and designating the men to execute them; and without the men the government and the constitution are alike nonentities.

But the view is also dangerous. For if the constitutions continue in force, then the Representatives and Senators elected under them are entitled to appear in their seats, require their names to be called, and to vote on the simple production of their *certificates*. It is not necessary that Congress should recognize governments in those States; for the old governments which it has heretofore recognized continue, and to recognize others is to oust them by revolution. This has always been the view of the Democratic allies of the rebels; but it is now, for the first time, presented for the approval of the Republicans. The President had not thought of this view when he made the prohibition of slavery a condition of re-organization; and if he did not include negro suffrage in the conditions, it was not because he had not as much power but less inclination to do it. Nothing is more true than that the question of suffrage belongs to the States, but it is equally true that Congress is the exclusive judge of the compatibility of their solution of it with republican principles. The States have the right to prescribe who shall vote, but they have no right so to exercise it as to create an oligarchy or an aristocracy instead of a republican form of government; and it is the right and the duty of Congress to judge this question; and its judgment is final and conclusive on all departments of the government. If Congress thinks the State has constituted an oligarchy or an aristocracy by its law of suffrage, it is entitled and bound to refuse to recognize it, to annul the law, rescue the people from its power, and prescribe measures and conditions for the organization of a government, republican in form in its judgment, on American principles. This judgment it is the duty of the President to *execute*; over it he has no power. It is the duty of guaranteeing republican government in the States which gives Congress this high jurisdiction; and the right of determining who are the Representatives and Senators carries with it the *exclusive* right of determining which is the constitutional, that is, the republican government of a State, for otherwise it might find itself compelled to admit Representatives and Senators of States whose governments are not republican in form or substance in its opinion.

It is, therefore, clear that the President is wholly beyond the sphere of his power in every step in re-organizing State governments; for each step is either legal and binding on Congress, or illegal and a nullity; and as it can not bind Congress, it is a nullity and an illegality. It is, therefore, frivolous to say the President could do nothing but what he did. He could have done *nothing*. It was his duty to have done *nothing*. His intermeddling has gravely complicated the question of what is republican government with the claims of persons to seats and of parties to votes. But this does not vary the question, and it must be met as it is presented. Republican principles and national interests alike forbid the acceptance of the President's plan; That is the recognition by Congress of the principle that State governments which ostracize a majority, or a half, or a great mass of citizens, and subject them to the absolute government of others, is republican in form. That principle has never yet been acknowledged by any Congress. No State government has ever been recognized by Congress which ostracized the great mass of the *people*, white or black. It is not the exclusion from political power merely which is the test, but the exclusion of *great masses* of citizens.

A State may arbitrarily exclude from power one man, or a family, or a thousand families; or it may exclude from power a greater proportion of those who have renounced their allegiance and defied its laws, and yet not affect the republican character of the Government. But republican government in the American sense is the government by the mass of citizens through their representatives. Whenever, therefore, the mass of the citizens or any great proportion of them is excluded from political power, yet required to submit to its laws, the government ceases to be republican and Congress cannot recognize it as such. Here the question is not of the rights of man to a voice in the government, but of the meaning of republican government required to be guaranteed in the Constitution.

Connecticut has just refused to admit negroes to vote; but that does not touch the republicanism of her government; for the persons excluded form no material or appreciable portion of her citizens. But negro suffrage is one thing in Connecticut and another thing in South Carolina. In the

latter State, the negro citizens form two-thirds of the whole body of citizens. To deny them a vote and subject them to the will of the one-third is absolutely in conflict with a republican form of government. It is not merely an aristocracy of race, it is an oligarchy. If the Constitution of the United States permits the ostracizing of two-thirds of the citizens and their subjection to one-third, the guarantee is one of mere form. A tenth may as well rule as a third, or one man as well as a tenth.

It is an *accident* that the line of disfranchisement and color are the same; it is not a question of race, but of republicanism. If two-thirds who are black may be excluded in South Carolina, two-thirds who are white may be excluded by the blacks in North Carolina; and one is just as republican as the other. The Constitution makes no distinction of color. Its only distinction is that between free and slave inhabitants. The slaves were always excluded irrespective of numbers, for they were not citizens. But free negroes were citizens of the United States. They were never declared by any State not to be citizens at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. They have never been declared not to be citizens by any department of the Government. The Dred Scott case has been ignorantly quoted to settle that point; but it decided not that a *free negro* could not be a *citizen*, but that a *slave* is not a *citizen*; and nobody ever supposed he could be. But free negroes are citizens of the United States by the unanimous judgment of all departments of the Government. That is now a settled point. And the Constitution draws no distinction between a black citizen and a white citizen. Congress has never acknowledged a State government to be republican which ostracized two-thirds or a half or one-third of its citizens. At the adoption of the Constitution the free negroes were in no State a *tenth* of the whole population. In Virginia they were one to thirty-six; in South Carolina one to seventy-seven; in Georgia one to one hundred and twenty-eight; and they voted in neither State, though in Virginia declared by law to be citizens. In Maryland they were one-to twenty-five; in North Carolina one to sixty; and they voted in both. The largest proportion excluded at that time was in Delaware, where they were one to eleven. In Tennessee, the first State admitted, they were one to nine, and they voted. In Kentucky, the next State, they were excluded; but they were only one to *five hundred and twenty-six*. Even when Louisiana was admitted—the great prize of the ambitious slave-power—the ratio was only one to seven.

But now Congress is asked to *guarantee as republican* such despotsisms as these: In North Carolina 631,000 citizens ostracize 331,000 citizens. In Virginia 719,000 citizens ostracize 533,000 citizens. In Alabama 596,000 citizens ostracize 437,000 citizens. In Georgia 591,000 citizens ostracize 465,000 citizens. In Louisiana 357,000 citizens ostracize 350,000 citizens. In Mississippi 353,000 citizens ostracize 436,000 citizens. In South Carolina 291,000 citizens ostracize 411,000 citizens.

It would be just as republican to reverse the numbers; and if we have no respect for republican principle, common sense would require that we, holding the Government, should vest our friends with the State governments and ostracize our opponents. The President asks us to ostracize our friends and place our enemies over their heads! Either course leaves republican government without any guarantee of its substance. It is vain to attempt to cover such iniquities as those by the example of the freehold or property qualifications formerly existing in some States. They might doubtless be pushed to the extent of impeaching the character of the Government; but hitherto they have never in the United States gone so far as to require the interposition of Congress. They never excluded any such masses of population as are ostracized by the President's plan, and they ostracized nobody. Every one could vote on getting the requisite property, and that was beyond nobody's reach. But the negro citizens are ostracized, they and their posterity for ever, even where two-thirds of the people. It is, therefore, impossible for republicans to recognize the President's governments. Nor ought they to feel the least hesitation in rejecting them; for the President's intermeddling is wholly illegal; it is an assumption to dictate to Congress respecting its members; and what has been done is a vain form, having no claim to legal authority till Congress by recognizing it gives it legal force. These mushroom governments play at governing the Southern States. It is plain the President treats them not as legal and authoritative governments, but as his puppets, whose acts he annuls when they do n't suit him. Congress, then, is free, and bound to treat them as mere nullities—to brush them away as so many cobwebs; and on the cleared field to mark out the foundations of republican principles on which the government should be erected. The objects to be kept in view are to break the force and unity of the rebel vote in Congress; to rescue the States from its domination; and to place in the hands of the colored population political power for their protection and our safety. Retaining the States under military power postpones the first danger, but it involves a greater. Such rule continued long over such vast populations must destroy every vestige of republican government. The military commissions which still defy the law, under the authority of the President, and, without the frivolous apology of actual hostilities, inflict punishments unknown to the law for acts *displeasing* to the President, are now fast unsettling the foundations of national freedom and personal security. If military government be continued in the rebel States, the idea of government by law will die out from the land, and the President's will be the only law. I prefer to risk the negroes under their masters and the country to the rebel vote in Congress, rather than subject loyal negroes and disloyal whites to the common despotism of military government, and expose the North to the dangers of tolerating and organizing such a despotism. Discarding, therefore, the horrible thought of military government as one the people ought not to tolerate, and will not tolerate, how can Congress paralyze the dangerous vote? It can amend the Constitution so as to apportion representation according to the persons who are allowed to vote. Mr. Sloan moved this last winter, but it never came to a vote. But that leaves the *States* in the hands of the disaffected. That could be avoided in the opinion of some by excluding disloyal men who have been engaged in the rebellion from power in the States. But the loyal white population are so mere a handful in the

midst of the disaffected mass as to be wholly unable to administer the government and enforce submission to the laws; and the pressure of public opinion would compel them to open the door to the excluded mass. That attempt has so resulted in Virginia and Louisiana, where Gov. Peirpoint and Gen. Banks pursued that policy. They merely created a temporary and powerless oligarchy. But it would fail in one other material object. The negro population would still be without a voice or a guarantee for any right. It is necessary, therefore, at once to *satisfy republican principles, rescue the States from rebel domination, secure Congress against their undivided and hostile vote, protect the rights of the negro population, and create a body of friends for the United States, interested to fight for its supremacy, that Congress should require the States to be reorganized on the basis of universal suffrage*; and that it should refuse to recognize any government which does not recognize that. It should then secure this permanent foundation of American republicanism against the mutations of political life and the local hostilities in the Southern States by proposing an amendment to the Constitution, consecrating it for ever as the criterion and condition of republican government in every State.

These measures are the necessary buttresses for the support of that prohibiting slavery. Without them it will totter and may fall, and certainly must fail to secure real liberty and equality before the law. Power alone is security, and with it comes respect and dignity and education. They who propose to postpone negro suffrage till the negro is educated, need political education more than the negro. I think our only safety is in confining our efforts to *these measures*. It is too late to break the power of the Southern aristocracy by depriving their leaders of citizenship. Confiscation was never possible unless by partition of the lands among the negroes, and that Congress feared to enact. To sell a continent is impossible without a continent of buyers; and the laws are and will remain in the President's hands mere political thumb-screws to extort votes more powerful than all his patronage. All that remains open is to balance the power of the disaffected aristocracy by the resident mass of loyal negroes armed with the ballot and bayonet.

It is quite certain the President does not mean to insist on this. If his proclamations were an experiment on the temper of the white population, he is satisfied with facts which dismay his friends. He is so impatient of contradiction that loyal warnings are become "*pestilent and malignant utterances*." He is experimenting now on nothing but the patience of the Republicans and the support of the Democrats. Of the latter he is receiving daily gratifying assurances. Of course, he is not thinking of joining the Democrats; for that would be going into a minority. But neither does he seem to be devoted to the Republicans. His policy is that of the Democrats, and his hope is to induce the Republicans to abandon their principles and unite with him in executing that of the Democrats. How many of the Republicans will unite with the Democrats to reinstate the representatives of the rebellion in power, in order that *they* may unite with the Democrats to expel *us* from power, remains to be seen. If enough to give the President a majority, a counter revolution is effected, which postpones the fruits of the war for generation—it may be, then to be wrung from those in power by another civil war. It is possible the President may mean to disappoint the hopes of the Democrats; but it is not safe for Republicans to stake their cause on that doubtful and improbable chance. If he persevere, they must be ready to defy a most formidable coalition. For the Southern representatives, if admitted, will, in this Congress, meet many warm friends from the Northern States.

In the next Congress the coalition can hardly fail to be in a majority in the House, and to press so closely on our majority in the Senate that a few defections may destroy it. The loss of the next Presidency is the natural sequel of the triumph of the President's plan, and, if once lost, will any one name a day when there is a reasonable prospect of our regaining it? The best we can hope for, therefore, under the President's policy is, that the Southern representatives will subordinate their passions to securing their interests in the Union by the coalition as of old. It is not likely the Democrats will repel their advances.

It is possible that these people, so arrogant in rebellion, may be meek when in power over their enemies; that they will pay our debt, pension our soldiers, vote indemnity to loyal citizens; and vote against assuming their own debt, against pensioning their own wounded, against restoring their own officers to the army and navy, against compensation for their slaves, against annulling the confiscation acts or indemnity where the title cannot be revoked; and that the Democrats will aid them in passing their self-denying ordinances, but it seems to me not wise to assume it. It is safer to take their view of their interests as the measure of what they will attempt, and what they *can* do as the limit of what they will do.

I do not fear a new rebellion now, but I will not shut my eyes to what men who have no interests but what are opposed to those who triumphed may do in power. Fifty-seven representatives and twenty-two senators are more than enough to arrest legislation in either House by tactics well known and often applied, and not hitherto pushed to revolutionary extremes, because the constituencies had an interest in the Government the representatives did not venture to disregard. But here revolutionary constituencies stand behind representatives struggling for their interests against their conquerors. They will not restrain their representatives, and if they persist, will not Democrats hasten to rescue the Government by granting their demands? If they fail in this, the life of nations is too fruitful of changes to justify us in excluding from our calculations contingencies where foreign war or civil discord may place the nation at the mercy of a hostile minority; when a Buchanan may be President, and refuse to strike while they divide the nation without the fear of the sword; or when a loyal President may rashly expel them from Congress, break the power of law by violence, and plunge us into the anarchy of civil war without a government recognized by all which alone carried us safely through the rebellion. Against all these dangers, the refusal to recognize loyal oligarchies or disloyal aristocracies, and the recognition only of governments republican in form in the South-

ern States, are the sufficient and only guarantee. The mass of the loyal negro vote breaks the unity of the hostile vote in every State and will absolutely control it in many.

In 1776 God gave us wise men who secured every point of victory possible. In this time of trial God has given us, for our sins, rulers who are not so wise, and the people grope toward their salvation and teach their rulers to secure it. By his blessing we are entrusted with two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, and that is the absolute legislative power of the United States. *What we think right, we can do.* If the President deserts those who elected him for the votes and policy of their opponents, we must break the coalition at any cost. The President can have our support only by conforming his conduct to our principles. It is vain to argue, from the dangers of division, the necessity of submission to his will; that will itself, if unchanged, works the ruin more surely than any division. It is itself the division, unless we meanly sell a great cause for Presidential patronage.

But it is vain to deny that failure now is final for this generation, for the people who want negro suffrage are in the North, and they who are to decide it are in the South, representing and voting for the negroes in more than one-fourth of all the States, with a negative on any amendment of the Constitution, and absolute power in each State. It is insane to dream that the South will, of itself, ever give either suffrage or equality before the law, and now is our only time to compel it.

If men say, God works slowly, yet will not let a good cause fail, they had better enlighten their piety by a glance at his ways in history, and reflect that he visits wasted opportunities, not less than wickedness, with ruin. I trust we may not be monuments of that wrath.

Very sincerely, your obedient servant,  
HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

BALTIMORE, October, 1865.

#### THE SOUTH AS IT IS. FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XIX.

PORT ROYAL ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 10, 1865.

INTENDING soon to revisit Charleston, I made no long stay in that city, but on the morning of yesterday sailed down the harbor past the famous islands and forts, and, keeping the low, wooded coast in sight during the whole day, in the evening reached Hilton Head. The neat, whitewashed town, but there in the sand by the quartermasters and sutlers during the last four years, with its hospitals, and storehouses, and machine-shops, and offices, has lost much of its old importance, and, instead of being the bustling part of the Department of the South, is sinking back into the quiet dullness of its natural condition as a part of the State of South Carolina. A stumbling walk in the dark up the long wooden pier, which extends far into the shallow water of the bay, brought me to the hotel, where I found the few guests gathered around a box-stove, for the night was windy and cold, and the walls of the house—a portable or sectional building—were thin. There were two or three Federal uniforms in the company, some men who seemed to be Northern traders, and a person who had the easily distinguishable appearance and manners of a South Carolinian. This gentleman, a person of some fifty odd years old, dressed tolerably well in a suit of grey clothes, with a large display of crumpled linen at the collar and cuffs of his coat, sat before the stove smoking, and talking very freely about his present poverty and his plans for the future.

He had left St. Helena, he said, when Dupont forced an entrance, and captured the Sea Islands, in 1861. He and his family ran, leaving plate and furniture behind them, and went up to Greenville, where he'd since been living how he could. The Government took his cotton, and some body, Government or niggers, got everything else that was left. Then, in the spring of 1863, they sold his plantation. Some Massachusetts man bought it, and he did n't know when he'd get it back. Up in Greenville he soon spent all his money to support his family, but if he'd had money he could n't have saved his property. How was he to come back inside the Yankee lines and pay the tax? The commissioners knew very well it could n't be done; the sale was a perfectly unfair thing. He did n't know whether the place would be restored to him or not, but at any rate he intended to leave Greenville, and move down to Beaufort. It was just as well to starve in Beaufort as in any strange place. He hoped to be able to pick up a little medical practice, but if his profession failed him, he supposed his son and himself could put up a cabin somewhere in the vicinity, and get fish and oysters enough to live on. He intended to go up to Greenville the next day, and bring his family down immediately. He had n't a dollar in money; had thought it would be a good plan to circulate a handbill among his acquaintances up there, asking them to aid him, but the trouble was, pretty much all of them were as poor as himself—better off so far as keeping their land went, but without ready money. Then he went on to relate, in a good-humored way, many amusing stories of Sherman's army, and the impudence of the bummers.

This gentleman, it is currently reported, has made several visits to the plantation which he formerly owned, and the negroes living there have collected for his use nearly a hundred dollars. In several instances similar contributions have not only been accepted but solicited. In July last, a gentleman who once owned a fine plantation, about ten miles distant from Beaufort, rode out to it in a carriage hired for him by a negro formerly his slave, and, having called together such of the people as would go to meet him and shaken hands with them all, he told them that he was now a poor man; that he had even been compelled to beg to support his family; that the very ear-rings from his wife's ears had been exchanged for food; that they all knew that their mistress knew nothing about any kind of work, and had never done any; and he concluded his address by a personal application to each one for whatever money he could spare. The response to this appeal was not a very liberal one, my informant said. Prince ga'm seventy-fi' cent, she believed, and several of the others gave him something; she herself would give nothing. "Den mawser git into de kerridge an' drive off," she added. "Him tell bro' Prince take good keer o' all tings. Him for come back soon, him say. But of dem rebel come back, tell ye wha' no' our nigger gwine for stay on dis place, no' one nigger. Wid dem she-sheesh! Chuh!"

On another plantation I learn that small gifts of money and poultry have been received from the people by their former master, who himself urged his claim upon their kindness, and who was found willing to accept half a dollar from an old, crippled negress who now for some years has drawn rations and been furnished with medicine and clothing at the expense of the Government.

Most of the negroes, I should say, are surprisingly free from a vulgar contempt for these men merely because of their sudden poverty and the shifts and straits to which they see them reduced, and some appear to feel a genuine commiseration for them in their distress. But their kindly feeling towards them extends no further than this, and it is, perhaps, remarkable that it should extend so far, for evidently they fear and dislike the slaveholders, both as a class and individually. The probable return of their former owners to the island, the possibility that they may some time be compelled to work for them and be governed by them, seem to excite the liveliest apprehensions and very strong expressions of hostility.

The swift steamer *Rockland*, plying between Savannah and Charleston by the inland route, took me in a little more than an hour up the river to Beaufort. The town stands on the river of the same name, one of the many streams or inlets which, with their net-work of endless ramifications and intersections, everywhere penetrate the south-eastern Carolina coast, and, dividing it into many parts, form the Sea Islands. Beaufort is a quiet town, with many handsome houses scattered here and there among the sandy streets, and with abundance of orange trees, and oleanders, and pomegranates; and on all hands the live oaks are to be seen with their grey drapery of hanging moss. The scene was a familiar one to me, and as there was no special reason for my remaining there, I rode out across the island in a north-westerly direction, over what had once been an excellent road, until four years of neglect had injured it, and finally the passage of Sherman, corduroying as he went, gave it the finishing blow and made it execrable. In the country through which it led me there was more woodland than clearing, and of the cleared land much more than half, fenceless, bushy, and unkempt, lay uncultivated. In this region of large plantations, however, it is customary for a planter to divide his lands, and to work each acre every alternate year, the one half being left fallow and used as a pasture while the other is planted. The cabins of the people seemed to be in tolerable preservation, and no better or worse than those commonly found in other sections of the State; but at several points on the roadside, at some distance from any negro quarters, I noticed small unsightly shanties, made of poles and rough clapboards, which appeared to be occupied by vagabonds or squatters—people who proposed staying but a short time in one place, and working for themselves only. Upon this road, more than in any other district of the South in which I have yet travelled, the negroes seem to form a part of the commercial world. I was constantly overtaking them or meeting them going into the town with produce to sell, or returning with their purchases, the load being sometimes made into a bundle or laid in a flat basket and carried mile after mile on the head, while the shoes very likely were carried in one hand and an umbrella or stick in the other, and sometimes it would be stowed away into the body of a little, creaky, shaky, home-made cart, with a wooden axle so chafed and worn that the wheels, wandering in a headstrong way hither and thither, each making a serpentine track, gave additional labor to some poor creature of a horse, who tugs at his collar of plaited corn-shucks, and seems hardly to have strength enough to break his patched

and rotten harness. Many of these travellers are dressed quite well, and many are literally covered with rags.

A two hours' jolt over this road brought me to the plantation which I desired to visit, a pleasant tract of land, bounded on two sides by a blue river, and not far from Port Royal Ferry. The kindness of the gentleman who plants it, Mr. J. H., has enabled me to gain some exact information in regard to the general management and working of the place during the past year. I have selected this plantation as one that may be taken, all things considered, to furnish a fair sample of the present state of cotton culture in this part of the country, and of the present condition and disposition of the free laborers in the Sea Islands.

The plantation contains about three hundred acres of ordinarily good land, of which, perhaps, a hundred acres are well adapted to cotton, and a reasonable proportion of the remainder is capable of producing corn. There is also potato ground, and low, wet ground, on which rice can be raised. Flowing along one side of the plantation is a creek from which can be obtained salt mud and marsh grass for manure, and to supply the people with wood there is a large tract of pine barren. The cotton land is rather high, and the soil is light, so that a dry season affects the crops unfavorably.

The people who form the working force consist in part of negroes who were born and bred on the plantation, and in greater part of people who came from the mainland with Sherman's army, and were hired as laborers in February last. The whole number of laborers was fifty-six. Forty-five of these were persons who, in point of physical ability, ranked as full hands, two were ploughmen, and nine were people too old or too young to perform a good day's work. In round numbers, it may be said that the working force consisted of fifty full hands and two ploughmen. The season now ending is Mr. H.'s first year upon this plantation, and the fourth year of his experience as a cotton planter. When the time came for preparing the ground for planting he had upon the place only the people who had always lived there, and who for three years had been free laborers. To them he proposed that they should work for him for wages in money; they proposed that he should give them half the crop as their wages, which he refused to do. An order had been issued from General Saxton's headquarters directing that whenever laborers worked a crop "on shares," their share should be one-half of all the cotton raised, and of all the breadstuffs, including corn, potatoes, rice, and peanuts. The people sent a delegation to the headquarters of the military governor and complained that Mr. H. was endeavoring to force them to make a contract, the terms of which were contrary to the instructions of the circular No. 8. Mr. H., therefore, received a letter calling his attention to the fact that any person violating these directions would be at once sent out of the department. He explained that false representations had been made, that he wished to hire his laborers for money, but they were disposed to insist that he should divide the crop with them. It was necessary that all contracts should be examined and approved at headquarters, and his proposals having been pronounced fair, he was permitted to proceed in his endeavors to hire the people. They, however, were still desirous of having their own plan carried into effect, and still refused to accede to his terms; he was even assailed by outcries of various kinds whenever he visited the negro quarters, and demands for "half the crop." Meantime the empty houses on the plantation he had been filling up with families of refugees, and the time for planting was very near at hand. The people still remained fixed in their determination, and at last it became necessary to send a guard to the place with orders to remove all persons there resident who would neither sign the contract as prepared by the lessee and approved at headquarters, nor make room for others who were willing to do so. The threat alone was sufficient, and the signatures of all the laborers were at once given. By the time this difficulty was removed, the season was somewhat advanced, and the crop was not planted till more than a fortnight after the proper time. It may be thought that an occurrence such as I have just related is of itself enough to remove this plantation into the list of exceptional cases. But misunderstandings similar to this in their causes and effects, if not precisely like it in their details, are a part of the experiences of a majority, or at least of very many, of the Northern planters in the Sea Islands.

Mr. H.'s fifty laborers, assisted by the two ploughmen, planted eighty-seven acres of cotton, or considerably less than two acres apiece. Up to the 1st of November, 6,716 lbs. of seed cotton had been picked, and it is not impossible that before the picking season closes the whole amount of seed cotton may be 8,000 lbs. The cost of the 6,716 lbs. already gathered has been \$1,631 for wages paid the laborers, exclusive of the interest on capital invested in mules and farming implements, the expenses of ginning the cotton, and the value of the manure. The cotton which is to be looked to for the repayment of this \$1,631, to say nothing of the other expenses of the

crop and the plantation in general, will, when ginned, amount to something like 1,670 lbs. This very unsatisfactory result is partly due to these three causes: On account of the controversy already mentioned the crop was planted late; it suffered severely from a long drought in July and August; the caterpillar made its appearance in August for the third time in three successive years, and though its ravages were not so extensive as in the two preceding years, they were sufficient to seriously diminish the crop. But for these three things Mr. H.'s enterprise would, he thinks, have proved moderately remunerative, and he intends to plant in 1866. Anything like perfect success, however, he fears, is unattainable at present, and he is not yet quite prepared to say whether the fault is in the negroes, or in the system of labor and payment that has been adopted in this department. Although in these Sea Islands the negroes are now in the fourth year of their freedom, he is of opinion that they have never yet been fairly tried as free laborers. And now, he would say, to leave untouched the various questions that have agitated this department at one time and another—whether or not it is well to make the negroes all landholders by a division of land amongst them; whether or not it was a wise policy to allow negroes to pre-empt land; whether or not a negro in Port Royal should receive just the same, or more, or less wages than a stevedore in New York—setting all these questions aside, he believes that the system of wages for labor which has prevailed in this department is of itself an insuperable obstacle in the way of successful cultivation of cotton by free labor. That alone would account for the prevalent ill success. For example, a man comes to his place to work for him, and takes up, say, an acre of cotton. He moves into a house on the place, and in February goes out into the field and lays out his acre into the regular four *tasks*. He chops down the weeds with his hoe, lays them in the furrows between the old cotton beds, and pulls the earth of the old bed over the weeds. That's *listing*, and he gets so much a task for listing. Then he goes out again and pulls up the earth on the *listing*. That's *banking*, and he has so much a task for banking. Then comes *planting*, and so much a task for that, and so much a task for each *hoeing* and each *hauling*. For such and such an operation so many cents. By-and-by *picking* comes, and there's so much a pound for all the cotton picked; everything as easy and regular as clock-work. But if he's wanted to do a quarter of an hour's work at any time, he expects pay for that. If he goes to the house for an axe he's to be paid extra for it. It's well enough to pay a man for all he does, but who can carry on a farm in such a way as that? But suppose you want him very much for some piece of work that must be done. You cannot have him. He's working an acre of cotton for you, but his corn, and his rice, and potatoes make a little farm that he's working for himself, and he can't do job-work for you when he's got his provisions to make; he needs to have control of his own time. He had hardly a single worker out of all his fifty-six who had n't more land under cultivation for himself than for his employer.

The whole affair down here looked rather discouraging, but at the same time he would not say, and no one ought to say, that the application of free negro labor to cotton raising was a failure, till he had seen the experiment tried more fairly than it had been in this department. If it were possible to make a change merely in the matter of supporting and paying the laborers, greatly improved results might be expected.

#### ENGLAND.—THE DANGERS OF THE NEW CABINET.

LONDON, November 10, 1865.

EARL RUSSELL is not likely to find his premiership a sinecure. To say nothing of the domestic difficulties which surround his attempt to form an administration, he is called upon on the very moment almost of assuming office to deal with questions which would perplex and embarrass a far more popular minister than he ever has been, or can hope to be. It is well known that a return to the office of prime minister has long been the cherished object of his ambition. Nobody who has once been first ever likes to become second; and Earl Russell, even if he was a far less self-sufficient man than he is, can hardly be expected to recognize how much of his former success was due to his position and connections, how little to his own personal merits. When Sidney Smith said that the then Lord John Russell would be equally ready to command the Channel fleet or perform an operation for the stone at a moment's notice, he intended to convey a sneer at the great Whig leader as well as to celebrate his intrepidity. Nobody ever doubted Earl Russell's readiness to undertake a difficult and dangerous duty; most people who have ever watched his career have learnt to distrust his courage when the moment of trial came. Yet with all his proverbial intrepidity the Premier can hardly feel confident of weathering the storms which are gathering round him on his return to power. First and foremost amongst these impending

dangers I should count the awkward condition of our relations with America.

On the subject of our international relations I always feel considerable difficulty in writing. It would not be in human nature if an Englishman who, like myself, has been engaged for the last four years in pointing out the absurdity of English pro-Southern sympathies and the difficulties into which our one-sided neutrality was certain to lead us ultimately, did not feel some personal satisfaction at the fulfilment of his disregarded prophecies. Cassandra herself must have felt that the news of the misfortunes which befell the Trojans for not listening to her advice was not utterly without a corresponding gratification. On the other hand, I feel I should be acting dishonestly if I in any way represented this personal sentiment as being a common or influential one. The mere possibility of a war between our two countries is, in my opinion, so fearful a contingency that no honest man can be too careful to avoid saying or writing anything which may tend in any way to conduce to such a result. Now, I believe that nothing tended to bring on the Crimean war so much as a belief, on the part of the Russian Government, that there existed in England a party so strongly opposed to war that an appeal to arms would never be really resorted to. Just in the same way, to speak the plain and open truth, I believe your Government would be most grievously mistaken if they relied too much on the sympathies of a large class of Englishmen with the Northern cause. If once a demand is made which, rightly or wrongly, English public opinion deems unjust and exorbitant, you will find the nation, with scarcely an exception, will support the Government in resisting that demand at all risks and hazards. Only a few days ago I was talking to a member of Parliament whose name is well known to you as a thorough-going and enthusiastic partisan of the Northern cause from the earliest times of the war. As an explanation of the comparative silence on American topics which he has kept since the triumph of the North, he said: "I have avoided the discussion of the American question purposely of late because, if there should arise any chance of war between England and America, I, of course, must take the side of England." And this feeling I believe to be well-nigh universal. Of course, it is for you to decide whether any claims you have, or believe you have, against us ought to be upheld at the possible cost of war. That is a question on which I express no opinion; but I feel bound in fairness to say that, in such an event, it would be worse than foolish to reckon on any internal opposition to the action of the Government. You may, perhaps, think that I am fighting against a shadow in thus deprecating any ill-advised action. But I have seen once in my life already how easily England "drifts into war," and I have no wish to see the experiment repeated.

The immediate reason of my noting these events is the return of the *Shenandoah* to our waters, a circumstance which, it is apprehended in this country, may give rise to serious embarrassments between England and America. The general feeling of the public is one of extreme annoyance that this wretched vessel should have ever turned up again. If we had heard she had been sunk at sea, or captured by Federal cruisers, or had surrendered herself to any power in the world except ourselves, not one Englishman in ten thousand but would have experienced and expressed his satisfaction at the result. Whatever else may be our national resemblance to Cato, we most assuredly do not sympathize with him in his preference for the *causa victa*. But, by a sort of not unrighteous retribution, this last of the Anglo-Confederate cruisers has made her way safely to Liverpool and now lies at anchor in the Mersey. The *Bottle Imp* has been thrown back upon our hands just when we hoped we were quit of it for ever. However, here the *Shenandoah* is, and we must lie in our bed as we have made it.

But, at the same time, I hope the *Shenandoah* difficulty may possibly smooth the way for a settlement of the *Alabama* claims. The return of this piratical vessel to our waters, and the protection she has derived beneath our flag, have brought home to the minds of Englishmen some conviction as to the substantial character of your complaints against our so-called neutrality. In all the leading papers and in society I perceive an increased readiness to admit the possibility of referring the *Alabama* question to arbitration; and if your Government evinces the extraordinary good sense and good temper it has shown hitherto, the difficulty may be settled amicably. Such, at least, is the current opinion in political circles. In such a crisis it is felt to be misfortune that Earl Russell should be at the head of affairs. In a frigid sort of way he has always sympathized with the Northern cause, or as much as it lay in the nature of the most aristocratic of Whigs to sympathize with any popular cause. But he utterly lacks the tact or temper to conduct difficult and delicate negotiations; while his passion for lecturing everybody on every possible occasion renders him singularly liable to give unnecessary offence. If this American difficulty should not pass over, it will probably give the death-blow to the Ministry. If Earl Russell should

endanger peace by resistance to any claims brought forward by the Washington cabinet, he will certainly be turned out of office as not equal to the crisis; if, on the other hand, he averts the risk of war by any important concessions, he will still more certainly be sacrificed to the annoyance of the public at any outrage on their national susceptibilities.

Indeed, the Government seems to be falling to pieces almost before it is formed. The *Times*, whose insight into domestic questions is generally much acuter than its judgment as to foreign subjects, has lost no opportunity of predicting the collapse of the new administration. In truth, it has, as the French say, no reason for being. Alexander is dead, and Alexander's generals have no claim to inherit his succession. With the solitary exceptions of Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, every member of the late cabinet owed his position rather to the favor of the Premier than to any merits of his own. Lord Granville, Lord Stanley of Alderley, the Duke of Somerset, Earls de Grey and Ripon, Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Milner Gibson have none of them any substantial position except what they derived from being members of the Palmerston Ministry. Now that they have lost their leader, they have no hold whatever upon the country. They add no strength to any administration they belong to, even if they take nothing from it. This fact constituted their chief merit in the eyes of their late chief. Lord Palmerston liked to reign alone; and it was only against his will that he tolerated the independent positions which birth and connection, in the one case, and talent and energy, in the other, conferred respectively upon the late Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Thus the reconstructed Ministry is very like an arch minus the keystone. Opinions may and ought to differ as to the absolute merits of Lord Palmerston as a statesman; but no candid observer can dispute his extraordinary ability as a parliamentary leader. With the same materials neither Earl Russell nor Mr. Gladstone can be expected to produce the same results as the late Premier; and yet this is the task they have undertaken to perform. As far as can be judged, the one aim of the new Prime Minister is to rally round him as many as possible of his late colleagues, and to pursue the same policy as his predecessor.

If the aspect of foreign affairs were far more pacific than it is in the Old World as well as the New, this policy would be surrounded with very serious difficulties. The question of reform, for instance, is one with which the new Ministry must deal at the very outset of its career. Both Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone are pledged to the principle of an extension of the suffrage. Hitherto they have been able to plead the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston as an excuse for not redeeming their pledges. Through their organs in the press, if not by their own words, they stated the patent facts that the country was resolved to keep Lord Palmerston in power; that the Premier was hostile to every idea of immediate reform; and that, therefore, they were obliged to bow to circumstances, and postpone the realization of their desires to a more opportune season. With Lord Palmerston's death there is an end of any such apology. The Premier and the leader of the House of Commons have it now in their own power to introduce a reform bill; and they are, therefore, compelled to make election between an extension or a non-extension of the suffrage. In the former case, they lose the support of the Whigs, who at heart are in favor of keeping things as they are; in the latter, they alienate the advanced liberals, who are resolved upon extending the electoral franchise. In either case, they destroy their majority in the House of Commons and necessitate an appeal to the country. If they could tell with any certainty whether the country really desired a reform bill or not, they might shape their course accordingly. Unfortunately, no positive opinion can be gained as to whether there is any strong popular feeling at the moment in favor of an extension of the suffrage; and, therefore, they are utterly in the dark as to whether they should adopt reform as the ministerial programme. In this uncertainty both Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone have exerted all their skill to avoid any direct expression of opinion. The Premier has resorted to his usual platitudes, the Chancellor has surpassed himself in rhetorical displays, and each of them has avoided any intelligible expression of opinion on the subject of reform. Now this sort of shilly-shallying was tolerated in the case of Lord Palmerston partly through his consummate adroitness, still more through his immense personal popularity. But it is not likely to be accepted at the hands of men wanting alike in his tact and his strange hold upon the public mind.

Mr. Gladstone has been making what in theatrical jargon is called "the provincial circuit." He has been staring it in all the great Scottish towns, and—to pursue the metaphor—has drawn enormous houses. North of the Tweed there is a love for fine phrases and metaphysical distinctions not shared in to any great extent by the English race; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer contrived to catch the taste of his Scotch audiences with extraordinary skill. But if you analyze what he said, I defy anybody to make

out any distinct statement from the torrent of eloquent words with which he inundated his delighted hearers. His most successful attempt consisted in a thesis whose object was to support the orthodox view of religion. According to the system of theology of which Professor Maurico is the ablest exponent in this country, he proved to the satisfaction of his hearers that, in the order of Divine Providence, both the Greek worship of human nature and the Judaic monotheism were necessary to the development of the perfect creed of Christianity. He argued ingeniously enough; but hypercritical persons are always prone to question the cogency of *ex post facto* reasoning, and practical persons are inclined to doubt whether a Chancellor of the Exchequer has time to master the problems of theology.

Sanguine people imagined that Lord Russell would expound the programme of the new Ministry at the inaugural banquet of the new Lord Mayor, which took place yesterday. The expectation was not fulfilled; and the guests in the Egyptian hall, at the Mansion House, came away as wise as they went, as the Premier contented himself with uttering a series of vague generalities. The liberal papers, who hope against hope, profess to gather from the Delphic utterances of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer an intention to carry out their reform pledges. But the common impression is, that the Ministry do not feel themselves strong enough to introduce a reform bill. Alderman Phillips, the present chief magistrate of the city, is a Jew, and is the gentleman whose election twenty years ago to the dignity of alderman was the first triumph of the cause of Jewish emancipation, of which, by the way, Mr. Gladstone was then a staunch opponent. Times change and men change with them. The saying "not new, but it is, I think, appropriate."

#### RECEPTIONS.

THE dissatisfaction generally expressed with regard to the manner in which the great reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was managed, suggests the consideration whether it is not a great mistake to attempt to meet the popular demand for a "sight" of Grant, or any other man of similar standing, in this way. If you cram a building or a room as full of people as it can possibly hold, perfect "order" can only be preserved by everybody's staying quietly wherever he finds himself. All movement, or attempts at movement, produce confusion, and it is a kind of confusion not repressible by the police. The ordinary effect upon nervous men or women especially, and nearly everybody now-a-days is nervous, of finding himself tightly packed amongst his fellow-creatures, is to produce an irresistible desire to get out of the fix. It is, in fact, another form of the punishment common in the navy, of locking men up in a close-fitting closet, with a hole in the door to admit the air, but it is aggravated by the heat evolved by the surrounding bodies, and at evening entertainments by the gas-light. Few women can stand it very long; it develops, even in strong men, a shocking and often uncontrollable irritability, which is apt to display itself, at last, in frantic efforts to escape, at whatever risk to other people's toes and ribs.

There is, however, another reason why a New York crowd is, under such circumstances, unusually uncontrollable. Anybody who has paid close attention to the phenomena of New York society must have observed how thoroughly pervaded it is by what may be called a noble discontent. Your genuine New Yorker always wants to be in some other place than where he is. The number of houses in which he can sit down resignedly and be conscious that the present is a happy moment, and enjoy it, are exceedingly few. As a general rule, if he finds himself at Smith's, no matter what pains the host may have taken to make his stay agreeable, he is haunted by a vague suspicion that at Brown's, round the corner, there is better entertainment to be had, and he hankers after it till he either can resist no longer and goes in search of it, or goes home with the feeling that he might have done better, and has had on the whole a stupid evening. In an ordinary "reception" the manifestations of this disease, for disease it is, are very curious and worth observation. It is aggravated somewhat by the practice in which hostesses are apt to indulge of drafting the gentlemen and detailing them in various directions to "converse" with ladies whose society is not sought by volunteers. There are few things more melancholy to witness at an ordinary evening party, where there is no dancing, than the aspect of a gentlemen led off in this way to be "introduced" to a "charming lady," whom he has never seen or heard of before, and with whom, for a few moments after presentation, he exchanges an agonized stare, while both are ransacking their brains for vivacious remarks. The general tendency to imagine that in some other part of the room lighter and more agreeable duty can be found is, of course, increased in cases of this kind by the sense of wrong which the subject of compulsion, let it be ever so sweet, always feels. The consequence is, that except on those rare occasions when "kindred spirits" light upon each other in full

dress in a crowded parlor, the guest can rarely entirely rid himself of the belief that if he were down nearer the dining-room, or up nearer the street or out in the hall, his condition would be improved, and that he would have in some way or other, he does not know exactly what, a pleasanter time. This morbid fancy shows itself in people who are conversing by the incoherency of their remarks and the wandering of their eyes all over the room, and in the more desperate cases, in those not actually engaged in small talk, by their resolute dodging about through the crowd with a look of mild despair.

Now, when you take people afflicted with this lust of change, and pack them tightly together in the passages and parlors of a hotel, you stimulate the passion into the highest activity, and the wonder is not that there should be disorder, but that there should not be positive tumult. Nobody wants to stay where he is put, and the slightest effort to go elsewhere sends a vibration through the mass about him. In this case matters were made worse by the fact that Grant was in some other room, and that everybody not only wanted to be about three feet in front of him, but went there for that express purpose. The space around the general, however, although he is not a small man, is limited, and the practice of shaking hands of course restricts the number of those who can occupy it. Hand-shaking, in spite of all the unpleasant remarks that foreign critics make upon it, is a very natural and, in our estimation, very agreeable mode of salutation. It brings people nearer together, not only physically but morally, than a bow can ever do; but the trouble is that with all our great men we never observe any moderation about it. There is a tradition that General Harrison was killed by it, and if Grant does not succumb to it, all that can be said is that he is a man of vigorous constitution. On various occasions he has had to go on shaking with his arm and hand greatly swollen, and when the grasp of each of his admirers must have caused him positive torture. Now shaking a swollen and livid hand may be to some people a pleasure, but it is a barbarous pleasure, in which no person of proper sensibilities would knowingly indulge. On one occasion in this city, shortly after the fall of Richmond, when the general was enduring a good deal of hospitality, he was accompanied by somebody who played for the occasion the part of an exhibitor, or usher, whichever term be the more respectful, who warned the crowd by exclaiming at frequent intervals, "Take his hand gently, gentlemen; the general is *greatly* fatigued! the general is *greatly* fatigued!" Admonition of this kind is all the more necessary on these occasions, because in every crowd of his admirers there are always a great many who are far more solicitous about displaying their own feelings than about his comfort, and accordingly present their respects in a wild shake, which probably goes to the victim's soul.

The question arises, therefore, whether when people want to see Grant, or anybody of similar reputation, it would not be well, first of all, to prohibit hand-shaking; then to hold the reception, not in suites of rooms, but in one large one, like Irving Hall or the Academy of Music, and, having put him in some conspicuous place, let the crowd file before him, and bow or talk to him as they go. It may be said that this would have a monarchical or aristocratic look, and so it would, but sensible people will not be frightened by words. It is one of the court customs which is worth copying, for though it is doubtless in some degree based on a respect for royalty, of which we know nothing, it is also based on convenience. The experience of ages has shown that it is that mode in which great personages can see great numbers of people on the same occasion, with the least inconvenience to themselves or their admirers, and if there is any comfort to be got out of it, Grant is as much entitled to it as any king or queen. Moreover, the work of paying respects could in this way be despatched in half the time it takes to shake hands, and give twice as many people an opportunity of seeing the hero of the evening.

At the Fifth Avenue, the other night, not one half of those present even set eyes on Grant; not a quarter even shook hands with him. Most of the company passed the time in the adjacent parlors and corridors, actively engaged in keeping the clothes on their own backs, and keeping their wives and daughters from being deprived of their hoops, and whatever covers them. Tall men who could see round corners, probably in the dim and distant crowd saw a bobbing about in one spot, such as would indicate a fight at a political meeting, and knew that there the work of presentation was going on, but this only made their own confinement more irksome. Little and middle-sized people simply suffered and perspired.

#### A PILGRIMAGE TO PETRARCH'S HOUSE AT ARQUÀ.

I.

WE said, during summer days at Venice, when every *campo* was a furnace seven times heated, and every canal was filled with boiling bathers, "As soon as it rains we will go to Arquà." Remembering the ardors of an

April sun on the long, level roads of plain, we could not think of them in August without a sense of dust clogging every pore, and eyes that shrank from the vision of their blinding whiteness. So we stayed in Venice, waiting for rain, until the summer had almost lapsed into autumn; and as the weather cooled before any rain reached us, we took the moisture on the mainland for granted, and set out under a cloudy and windy sky.

We had to go to Padua by railway, and take carriage thence to Arquà, upon the road to Ferrara. I believe no rule of human experience was violated when it began to rain directly after we reached Padua, and continued to rain violently the whole day. We gave up this day entirely to the rain, and did not leave Padua until the following morning, when we count that our pilgrimage to Petrarch's house actually began.

The rain had cooled and freshened the air, but it was already too late in the season for the summer to recover herself with the elastic brilliancy that follows the rain of July or early August; and there was I know not what vague sentiment of autumn in the weather. There was not yet enough of it to stir the

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair;"

but in here and there a faded leaf (for in Europe death is not glorified to the foliage as in our own land), in the purple of the ripening grapes, and in the tawny grass of the pastures, there was autumn enough to touch our spirits, while it hardly affected the tints of the landscape, and to lay upon us the gentle and pensive spell of its presence. Of all the days in the year I would have chosen this to go pilgrim into the house of Petrarch.

The Euganean Hills, on one of which the poet's house is built, are those mellow heights which you see when you look southwest across the lagoon at Venice. In misty weather they are blue, and in clear weather silver. On very bright days the lagoon seems to swim under them, and float them on its dazzling expanse, and the October sunset loves them. It dies upon their summits, whither it trails itself in bloody red athwart the crimson water. The hills rise in tender azure before you as you issue from the southern gate of Padua, and grow in loveliness as you draw nearer to them from the rich plain that washes their feet with endless harvests of oil and wine.

Oh, beauty that will not let itself be told! Could I not take warning from another, and refrain from this fruitless effort of description? A friend in Padua had lent me Disraeli's "Venetia," because a passage of the story occurs in Petrarch's house at Arquà, and we carried the volumes with us on our pilgrimage. I would here quote the description of the village, the house, and the hills from the book, as faultlessly true, and as affording no just idea of either; but nothing of it has remained in my mind except the geological fact that the hills are a volcanic range. To tell the truth, the landscape, as we rode along, continually took my mind off the book, and I could not give that attention either to the elegant language of its descriptions, or the adventures of its well-born characters, which they deserved. I was even more interested in the disreputable-looking person who mounted the box beside our driver directly we got out of the city gate, and who invariably commits this infringement upon your rights in Italy, no matter how strictly and cunningly you frame your contract that no one else is to occupy any part of the carriage but yourself. He does not seem to be the acquaintance of the driver, for they never exchange a word, and he does not seem to pay anything for the ride. He got down, in this instance, just before we reached the little town at which our driver stopped, and asked us if "we wished to drink a glass of the wine of the country." We did not, but his own thirst seemed to answer equally well, and he slaked it cheerfully at our cost.

The fields did not present the busy appearance which had delighted us on the same road as we went to Florence in the spring, but they had that autumnal charm already mentioned. Many of the vine-leaves were sere; the red grapes were already purple, and the white grapes pearly ripe, and they formed a gorgeous necklace for the trees, around which they clung in opulent festoons. Then, dearer to our American hearts than this southern splendor, were the russet fields of Indian corn, and, scattered among the shrunken stalks, great nuggets of the "harmless gold" of pumpkins.

At Battaglia (the village just beyond which you turn off to go to Arquà) there was a fair, on the blessed occasion of some saint's day, and there were many booths full of fruits, agricultural implements, toys, clothes, wooden ware, and the like. There was a great crowd and a noise, but, according to the mysterious Italian custom, nobody seemed to be buying or selling. I am in the belief that a small purchase of grapes we made here on our return was the great transaction of the day, unless, indeed, the neat operation in alms achieved at our expense by a mendicant villager may be classed commercially.

When we turned off from the Rovigo road at Battaglia we were only three miles from Arquà.

## II.

Now, all the way from this turning to the foot of the hill on which the village was stretched asleep in the tender sunshine, there was on either side of the road a stream of living water. There was no other barrier than this between the road and the fields (unless the vines swinging from tree to tree formed a barrier), and, as if in graceful excuse for the interposition of even these slender streams, nature had lavished such growth of wild-flowers and wild berries on the banks that it was like a garden avenue, through the fragrance and beauty of which we rolled, delighted to silence, almost to sadness.

When we began to climb the hill to Arquà, and the driver stopped to breathe his horse, I got out and finished the easy ascent on foot. The great marvel to me is that the prospect of the vast plain below, on which, turning back, I feasted my vision, should be there yet, and always. It had the rare and saddening beauty of evanescence, and awoke in me the memory of all beautiful scenery, so that I embroidered the landscape with the silver threads of Western streams, and bordered it with Ohio hills. Ohio hills? When I looked again it was the storied Euganean group. But what trans-oceanic bird, voyaging hither, dropped from its mouth the blackberry which took root and grew and blossomed and ripened, that I might taste home in it on these classic hills?

I wonder did Petrarch walk often down this road from his house just above? I figured him coming to meet me with his book in his hand, in his reverend poetic robes, and with his laurel on, over that curious kind of bandaging which he seems to have been fond of—looking, in a word, for all the world like the neuralgic Petrarch in the pictures.

Drawing nearer, I discerned the apparition to be a robeless, laurelless lout, who belonged at the village inn. Yet this lout, though not Petrarch, had merits of his own. His face and hands and his legs, as seen from his knees down, had the tone of the richest bronze; he wore a mountain cap with a long tasselled fall to the back of it; his face was comely and his eye beautiful; and he was so nobly ignorant of everything that a colt or young bullock could not have been better company. He merely offered to guide us to Petrarch's house, and was silent, except when spoken to, from that instant.

I am here tempted to say: Arquà is in the figure of a man stretched upon the hill slope. The head, which is Petrarch's house, rests upon the summit. The carelessly tossed arms lie abroad from this in one direction, and the legs in the opposite quarter. It is a very lank and shambling figure, without elegance or much proportion, and the attitude is the last wantonness of loafing. We followed our lout up the right leg, which is a gentle and easy ascent in the general likeness of a street. World-old stone cottages crouch on either side; here and there is a more ambitious house in decay; trees wave over the street, and down its distance comes an occasional donkey-cart very musically and leisurely. By all odds, Arquà and its kind of villages are to be preferred to those hamlets of the plain which in Italy cling to the white-hot highway without a tree to shelter them, and bake and burn there in the merciless sun. Their houses of stuccoed stone are crowded as thickly together as city houses, and these wretched little villages do their worst to unite the discomforts of town and country with a success dreadful to think of. In all countries villages are hateful to the heart of civilized man, who made the town; and I cannot think them pleasing to God, who made the country. In the Lombard plains I wonder that one stone of them rests upon another.

We reached Petrarch's house before the *custode* had arrived to admit us, and stood before the high stone wall which shuts in the front of the house, and quite hides it from those without. This wall bears the inscription, *Casa Petrarcha*, and a marble tablet lettered to the following effect:

SE TI AGITA  
SACRO AMORE DI PATRIA,  
TINCHINA A QUESTA MURA  
OVE SPIRÒ LA GRAND'ANIMA,  
IL CANTOR DEI SCIPIONE  
E DI LAURA.

Which may be translated: "If thou art stirred by love of country, bow to these walls, whence passed the great soul, the singer of the Scipios and of Laura."

Meanwhile we became the centre of a group of the youth of Arquà, who had kindly attended our progress in gradually increasing numbers from the moment we had entered the village. They were dear little girls and boys, and mountain babies, all with sunburnt faces and the gentle and winning ways native to this race, which nature loves better than us of the north. The blonde pilgrim seemed to please them, and they evidently took us for Te-

*deschi.* You learn to submit to this fate in northern Italy, however ungracefully, for it is the one that constantly befalls you outside of the greatest cities. The people know but two varieties of foreigners—the Englishman and the German. If, therefore, you have not *rashly* expressed in every lineament of your countenance, if the soles of your boots are less than an inch thick and your clothes are not reduced in color to the invariable and maddening tone of the English tweed—you must resign yourself to be a German. All this is grievous to the soul which loves to spread its eagle in every land and to be known as American with the most star-spangled consciousness all over the world; but it cannot be helped. I vainly tried to explain the geographical, political, and natural difference between Tedeschi and Americani to the custodian of Petrarch's house. She listened with amiability, shrugged her shoulders hopelessly, and said, in her rude Venetian, "Mi no so migia" (I don't know at all).

Before she came, I had a mind to prove the celebrity of a poet on the spot where he lived and died, on his very hearthstone, as it were. So I asked the lout, who stood gnawing a stick and shifting from foot to foot:

"When did Petrarch live here?"  
"Ah! I do n't remember him."  
"Who was he?"  
"A poet, signor."

Certainly the first response was not encouraging, but the last revealed that even to the heavy and clouded soul of this lout the divine fame of a poet had penetrated—and he a lout in the village where Petrarch lived and where he ought to be first forgotten. He did not know when he had lived there—a year ago, perhaps, or many centuries—but he was a poet. A weight of doubt was lifted from my spirit, and I responded cheerfully to some observations on the weather offered by a rustic matron who was pitching manure on the little hill-slope near the house. When, at last, the custodian came and opened the gate to us, we entered a little grassy yard, from which a flight of steps led to Petrarch's door. A few flowers grew wild among the grass and a fig-tree leaned its boughs against the wall. The figs on it were green, though they hung ripe and blackening on every other tree in Arquà. Some ivy clung to the stones, and from this and the fig-tree, as we came away, we plucked memorial leaves and blended them with flowers which the youth of Arquà picked and forced upon us for remembrance.

A quaint old door opened into the little stone house—first into a kind of wide passage-way with rooms on either side; and, at the end opposite to which we entered, a door opened upon a balcony. From this balcony we looked down on Petrarch's garden, which, presently speaking, is but a narrow space with more fruit than flowers in it. Did Petrarch use to sit and meditate in this garden? For me I should better have liked a chair on the balcony, with the further and lovelier prospect on every hand of village-roofs, sloping hills all grey with olives, and the broad blue Lombard plain, sweeping from heaven to heaven below.

The walls of the passage-way are frescoed (now very faintly) in illustration of the loves of Petrarch and Laura, with verses from the sonnets inscribed to explain the illustrations. In all these Laura prevails as a lady of a singularly long waist and stiff movements, and Petrarch, with his face tied up and a lily in his hand, contemplates the flower in mingled botany and toothache. There is occasionally a startling literalness in the way the painter has rendered some of the verses. I remember with peculiar interest the illustration of a lachrymose passage concerning a river of tears, wherein the weeping Petrarch, stretched beneath a tree, had already started a small creek of tears, which was rapidly swelling to a flood with the torrent from his eyes. I attribute these frescoes to a later date than that of the poet's residence, but the portrait over the door of the bed-room, inside of the chamber, was of his own time, and taken from him—the custodian said. As it seemed to look like all the Petrarchian portraits, I did not remark it closely, but rather turned my attention to the walls of the chamber, which were thickly over-scribbled with names. They were nearly all Italian, and none English so far as I saw. This passion for allying one's self to the great, by inscribing one's name on places hallowed by them, is certainly very odd; and (I reflected as I added our names to the rest) it is, without doubt, the most impudent and idiotic custom in the world. People have thus written themselves down, to the contempt of sensible futurity, all over Petrarch's house.

The custodian insisted that the bed-room was just as in the poet's time; some rooms beyond it had been restored; the kitchen at its side was also repaired. Crossing the passage-way, we now entered the dining-room, which was comparatively large and lofty, with a mighty and generous fire-place at one end, occupying the whole space left by a balcony window. The floor was paved with tiles, and the window-panes were round and small, and set in lead—like the floors and window-panes of all the other rooms. A gaudy

fresco, representing some indelicate female deity, adorned the front of the fire-place, which sloped expanding from the ceiling and terminated at the mouth without a mantle-piece. The chimney was deep, and told of the cold winters in the hills, of which, afterwards, the landlady of the village inn prattled less eloquently.

From this dining-room opens, to the right, the door of the room which they call Petrarch's library; and above the door, set in a marble frame, with a glass before it, is all that is mortal of Petrarch's cat, except the hair. Whether or not the fur was found incompatible with the process of embalming, and therefore removed, or whether it has slowly dropped away with the lapse of centuries, I do not know; but it is certain the cat is now quite hairless, and has the effect of a wash-leather invention in the likeness of a young lamb. On the marble slab below there is a Latin inscription, said to be by the great poet himself, declaring this cat to have been "second only to Laura." We may, therefore, believe its virtues to have been rare enough; and if the ghost of Petrarch ever revisits the glimpses of that wide-mouthed fire-place, I doubt not the spirit of this gifted cat purrs softly at his feet and nestles on his knees, or, with thickened tail and lifted back, parades loftily round his chair in the haughty and disdainful manner of cats.

In the library, protected against the predatory enthusiasm of visitors by a heavy wire netting, are the desk and chair of Petrarch, which I know of no form of words to describe perfectly. The front of the desk is of a kind of mosaic in cubes of wood, most of which have been carried away. The chair is wide-armed and carved, but the bottom is gone, and it has been rudely repaired. The custodian said Petrarch died in this chair while he sat writing at his desk in the little nook lighted by a single window opening on the left from his library. He loved to sit there. As I entered I found he had stepped out for a moment, but I know he returned directly after I withdrew.

On one wall of the library (which is a simple oblong room, in nowise remarkable) was a copy of verses in a frame, by Cesarotti, and on the wall opposite a tribute from Alfieri, both *manu propriæ*. Over and above these are many other scribblings; and hanging over the door of the poet's little nook was a criminal French lithograph likeness of "Pétrarque" when young.

Alfieri's verses are written in ink on the wall, while those of Cesarotti are on paper, and framed. I do not remember any reference to his visit to Petrarch's house in Alfieri's autobiography, though the visit must have taken place in 1783, when he sojourned at Padua, and "made the acquaintance of the celebrated Cesarotti, with whose lively and courteous manners he was no less satisfied than he had always been in reading his (Cesarotti's) most masterly version of 'Ossian.'" It is probable that the friends visited the house together. At any rate, I care to believe that while Cesarotti sat "composing" his tribute comfortably at the table, Alfieri's impetuous soul was lifting his tall body on tip-toe to scrawl its inspirations on the plastering.

Do you care, gentle reader, to be reminded that just before this visit Alfieri had heard in Venice of the "peace between England and the United Colonies," and that he then and there "wrote the fifth ode of the 'America Libera,'" and thus finished that poem?

After copying these verses we returned to the dining-room, and while one pilgrim strayed idly through the names in the visitors' book, the other sketched Petrarch's cat, before-mentioned, and Petrarch's inkstand of bronze—a graceful little thing, having a cover surmounted by a roguish cupid, while the lower part is supported on three lions' claws, and just above the feet, at either of the three corners, is an exquisite little female bust and head. While we thus sketched and idled, we held spell-bound our friends the youth of Arquà, as well as our driver, who, having brought innumerable people to see the house of Petrarch, now for the first time, with great astonishment, beheld the inside of it himself.

As to the authenticity of the house I think there can be no doubt, and as to the genuineness of the relics there, nothing in the world could shake my faith in them, though Muratori certainly characterizes them as "superstitions." The great poet was sixty-five years old when he came to rest at Arquà, and when, in his own pathetic words, "there remained to him only to consider and to desire how to make a good end." He says further, at the close of his autobiography: "In one of the Euganean hills, near to ten miles from the city of Padua, I have built me a house, small but pleasant and decent, in the midst of slopes clothed with vines and olives, abundantly sufficient for a family not large and discreet. Here I lead my life, and although, as I have said, infirm of body, yet tranquil of mind, without excitements, without distractions, without cares, reading always, and writing, and praising God, and thanking God as well for evil as for good; which evil, if I err not, is trial merely and not punishment. And all the while I ray to Christ that he make good the end of my life, and have mercy, and

forgive and even forget my youthful sins ; wherefore, no words are so sweet to my lips as these of the psalm : ' *Delicta juventutis meas, et ignorantias meas ne memineris.*' And with every feeling of the heart I pray God, when it please him, to bridle my thoughts, so long unstable and erring, and as they have vainly wandered to many things, to turn them all to Him—only, true, certain, immutable good."

I venerate the house at Arquà because these sweet and solemn words were written in it. We left its revered shelter (after taking a final look from the balcony down upon "the slopes clothed with vines and olives") and returned to the lower village, where, in the court of the little church, we saw the tomb of Petrarch—"an ark of red stone upon four columns likewise of marble." The epitaph is this :

"*Frigida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarcae ;  
Suscipte, Virgo parentes, animam ; sate Virgine, parce ;  
Fessusque iam terris Cœll requiescat in aere.*"

A head of the poet in bronze surmounts the façade of the ark. The housekeeper of the parish priest, who ran out to enjoy my admiration and bounty, told me a wild local tradition of an attempt on the part of the Florentines to steal the bones of Petrarch away from Arquà, in proof of which she showed me a block of marble set into the ark, whence she said a fragment had been removed by the Florentines. This local tradition I afterwards found verified, with names and dates, in a little "Life of Petrarch," by F. Leoni, published at Padua in 1843. It appears that this curious attempt of the Florentines to do doubtful honor to the great citizen whose hereditary civic rights they restored too late (about the time he was drawing nigh his "good end" at Arquà) was made for them by a certain monk of Portagruaro named Tommaso Martinelli. He had a general instruction from his employer to bring away from Arquà "any important thing of Petrarch's" that he could ; and it occurred to this ill-advised friar to "move his bones." He succeeded on a night of the year 1630 in stealing the dead poet's arm. The thief being at once discovered, the Venetian Republic rested not till the thief was also discovered ; but what became of the arm or of the sacrilegious monk neither the Signor Leoni nor the old women of Arquà give any account. The republic removed the rest of Petrarch's mortality, which is now said to be in the Royal Museum of Madrid.

I was willing to know more of this quaint village of Arquà, and I rang at the priest's door to beg of him some account of the place, if any were printed. But already at one o'clock he had gone to bed for a nap, and must on no account be roused till four. It is but a quiet life men lead in Arquà, and their souls are in drowsy hands. The amount of sleep which this good man gives himself (if he goes to bed at 9 P.M. and rises at 9 A.M., with a nap of three hours during the day) speaks of a quiet conscience, a good digestion, and uneventful days. As I turned this notion over in my mind, my longing to behold his reverence increased, that I might read life at Arquà in the smooth curves of his well-padded countenance. His "bowels of compassion were well-rounded," as I thought, and I had a mind, making sure of absolution, that, if I got speech with him, it would be well to improve the occasion by confessing one or two of my blackest sins.

Ought I to say here that, on the occasion of a second visit to Arquà, I succeeded in finding this excellent ecclesiastic wide awake at two o'clock in the afternoon, and that he granted me an interview at that hour? Justice to him, I think, demands this admission of me. He was not at all a fat priest, as I had prefigured him, but rather of a spare person, and of a brisk and lively manner. At the village inn, after listening half an hour to a discourse on nothing but white wine from a young priest, who had stopped to drink a glass of it, I was put in the way of seeing the priest of Arquà by the former's courtesy. Happily enough, his reverence chanced to have the very thing I wanted to see—no other than Leoni's "Life of Petrarch," to which I have already referred. Courtesy is the blood in an Italian's veins, and I need not say that the ecclesiastic of Arquà, seeing my interest in the place, was very polite and obliging. But he continued to sleep throughout our first stay in Arquà, and I did not see him then.

I strolled up and down the lazy, rambling streets, and chiefly devoted myself to watching the young women who were washing clothes at the stream running from the "Fountain of Petrarch." Their arms and legs were bronzed and bare, and they chattered and laughed gaily at their work. Their wash-tubs were formed by a long marble conduit from the fountain ; their washboards by the inward-sloping conduit-sides, and they thrashed and beat the garments clean upon the smooth stone. To a girl their waists were broad and their ankles thick. Above their foreheads the hair was cut short, and their "back hair" was gathered into a mass, and held together by a converging circle of silver pins.

The Piazza della Fontana, in Arquà, is a place some thirty feet in length and breadth, and seems to be a favorite place of public resort. In the even-

ing, doubtless, it is alive with gossips, as now with workers. It may be that then his reverence, risen from his nap, saunters by, and pauses long enough to chuck a pretty girl under the chin or pinch an urchin's cheek.

Our dinner was ready by the time I got back to the inn, and we sat down to a chicken stewed in oil and a stoup of the white wine of Arquà. It was a modest feast, but, being a friend to oil, I found it savory, and the wine was both good and strong. While we lingered over the repast we speculated somewhat carelessly whether Arquà had retained among its simplicities the primeval cheapness, of which you read much and see nothing whatever in Italy. When our landlord leaned over the table and made out our account on it with a bit of chalk, the bill was as follows :

	Soldi.
Chicken	70
Bread	8
Wine	20
Total	<u>98</u>

It surely was not a costly dinner, yet I could have bought the same chicken in Venice for half the money ; which is but another proof that the demand of the producer is often much larger than the supply of the consumer, and that to buy poultry cheaply you must not purchase it where raised,

——— "On misty mountain ground,  
Its own vast shadow glory crowned,"

but rather in a large city after it has been transported forty miles or more. Not that we begrimed the thrifty inn-keeper his fee. We paid it cheerfully, as well for his own sake as for that of his pleasant and neat little wife, who kept the whole inn so sweet and clean ; and we bade them a most cordial farewell as we drove away from their door.

### III.

Returning, we stopped at the great castle of the Obizzi (now the property of the Duke of Modena), through which we were conducted by a surly and humorous *custode*, whose pride in life was that castle and its treasures, so that he resented as a personal affront the slightest interest in anything else. He stopped us abruptly in the midst of the museum, and, regarding the precious antiques and curiosities around him, demanded :

" Does this castle please you?" Then, with a scornful glance at us, " Your driver tells me you have been to Arquà. And what did you see at Arquà? A shabby little house and a cat without any hair on. I would not," said this disdainful *custode*, " go to Arquà if you gave me a lemonade."

## Literature.

### LITERARY NOTES.

THAT veteran philologist, Dr. Joseph Bosworth, whose name is indissolubly connected with the revival of Anglo-Saxon studies in England, has just brought out a volume of great interest to all who are pursuing investigations into the origin and filiation of the Teutonic languages, including our own. It comprises, in a handsome octavo form, arranged in parallel columns, four remarkable versions of the Gospels—the Gothic text of Ulphilas; the anonymous Anglo-Saxon version, supposed to be contemporary with the Venerable Bede ; the translation of Wycliffe (A.D. 1389); and the famous version of William Tyndale, from the first edition of his Testament (A.D. 1525). The celebrated Gothic version by Ulphilas, the apostle of the Goths, the earliest monument of the Germanic languages, dating from the middle of the fourth century, has not been printed in England since 1750 (when an edition by Lye was published at Oxford), and has, consequently, never been of easy access for scholars. The text of Dr. Bosworth's copy is from the latest collation of the famous unique "Codex Argenteus" at Upsal, the most valuable relic of Northern literature in the world. It was supposed for some time that the silver letters of this venerable manuscript were impressed with a stamp on the purple vellum, but careful examination made for Dr. Bosworth shows that it is really written, and a beautiful specimen of early calligraphy. The remarkable analogies of words and phrasology between this ancient record of Northern speech and our own idiom are pointed out by the editor, who has also furnished the volume with copious introductions, fac-similes, notes, etc., making it a valuable addition to both biblical and philological libraries. It is published by Mr. Russell Smith, and printed at the Oxford University Press.

—An edition of the "Works of John Marston," the Elizabethan poet and dramatist, is announced as in progress at Boston. It will contain his dramatic works and poems, "with some account of the author and his writings, and numerous illustrative notes, by F. F. Heard and William F. Fowle,

Esq." It will form 5 volumes crown 8vo, so as to range with the late Mr. William Pickering's editions of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Webster. The typography is intended to equal that of any book that has been issued from the American press. Forty copies will be printed on large paper at twelve dollars per volume, and two hundred on small paper at four dollars per volume. The only collected edition of Marston's works made in England is that edited by J. O. Halliwell, in three volumes, 1856. Like all that gentleman's too numerous publications it is by no means remarkable for any critical merits, and it is a sign of the growing richness of our libraries that the Boston impression will be "reprinted from the original editions." There are other contemporary dramatists better worth reviving than Marston, but the success of the undertaking—more than half the numbers mentioned above being already subscribed for—will, undoubtedly, lead to future ventures in the same field. They are, indeed, matters of necessity if people will have the books, for the mother country is drained completely dry of them, and there seems little enterprise in England now taking that direction. In fact, we imagine a portion of the above-mentioned edition of Marston would be readily bought for the English market in case there are any left over, after supplying the wants of subscribers.

—The recent death of Sir William Jackson Hooker has been speedily followed by the decease of another eminent botanist, who almost equalled him in reputation, and far exceeded him in the number of his publications. Dr. John Lindley for many years stood in the same relation to the Horticultural Society, in its palmiest days, that Sir W. J. Hooker occupied towards the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. As secretary of the society, he gave the impulse that sent out collectors like Douglass, Hartweg, Fortune, and others, to the ends of the earth in search of the rarities of the vegetable kingdom, and it was in his periodicals, "The Botanical Register," "The Gardener's Chronicle," etc., that their acquisitions were recorded, and the names—now familiar, but then new and strange—of fuchsias, verbenas, calceolarias, etc., were first made known to the Western world. Dr. Lindley's publications, all devoted to the cultivation of his favorite science, range in every size and price, from his splendid folio, "Illustrations of the Orchidaceæ" (his favorite tribe of plants, which he brought into fashion), to the school manuals and popular practical treatises on botany and horticulture that have rendered his name universally known. Perhaps the most useful of them is "The Vegetable Kingdom," containing in one capacious volume a condensed account of the structure, geographical distribution, and uses of all the known families of plants. Dr. Lindley was born in Norfolk, in 1799, and died of apoplexy, at the commencement of this month, at his home near London. He was professor of botany in University College, London, and member of most scientific societies in all parts of the globe. For more than thirty years he was the centre of botanical science in England, a position that he filled by right of his energy, intellectual grasp, and unlimited power of enduring labor for the advancement of his favorite studies.

—Among the new enterprises in periodical literature emerging to light at the coming of the new year is a new first-class literary journal entitled the *Contemporary Review*, edited by Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, and to be published by Alexander Strahan & Co. We believe the minor particulars of size, price, etc., are not yet fully determined on, but no pains or expense will be spared to render it equal to the highest works of its class. A new monthly periodical, "The Journal of Social Science," will also commence with January next. It is edited by Dr. Lankester, and will be devoted to the publication of papers, reviews of books, and information on the various subjects embraced in the departments of the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science."

—The safe return of Mr. Baker, the African explorer, to Egypt, has caused the publication of more definite accounts of his discoveries in the regions of the Upper Nile than could be drawn from his hurried letters, while still far from civilization. The lake traversed by him is the Lutn-zigi, laid down on the map of his friend, Capt. Speke, though its relation to the stream of the Nile was not properly understood by that lamented traveller. Instead of being a "back-water" to the river, communicating with it by a channel, Mr. Baker found that the river, issuing from Lake Nyanza, flows bodily into Lake Lutn-zigi on the west, and issues afresh from it at its northern extremity, about eighty miles distant from the point of contact. At its exit it forms a sluggish stream about a mile wide, and it is presumed flows from thence to Gondokovon and Khartoum. The lake itself is a remarkable depression amidst very high mountains, exceedingly deep, abounding with hippopotami and other beasts. Perhaps it is to the indefatigable Dr. Livingstone that we must finally look for an explanation of the many vexed questions connected with the geography of the Nile basin. While the public of England and America are anxiously awaiting the narrative of one ex-

pedition, he has started on another journey of exploration, intended to connect his discovery of Lake Nyassi with the more northerly waters of Lakes Tanganyika and Nyanza—to ascertain if there is any communication between them, and throw light upon all the points of interest connected with this lately unknown region.

—Few purely literary questions depending for their solution on external and circumstantial evidence have been more summarily and satisfactorily settled than the point lately raised by Mr. Herman Merivale on the authenticity of the correspondence known to antiquarians and historians as "The Paston Letters." Mr. Merivale's paper on the subject in the "Forthnightly Review" has called forth masterly reply in the same periodical from Mr. James Gairdner, a gentleman connected with the Record Office, and consequently an expert in many of the details involved in a discussion of this nature. Mr. Gairdner shows conclusively how Mr. Merivale's *ex parte* brief overstated his case, and taking up his objections in regard to the genuineness of the letters *seriatim*, he proves how little there is in them that could outweigh the mass of confirmatory testimony apparent on the face of the publication and all the known circumstances connected with its preparation. After this paper it is satisfactory, but not surprising, to hear that the originals of the fifth volume of letters, printed thirty years after the previous four, have been discovered among the papers of Sir John Fenn, by the son of his nephew, Sergeant Frere, by whom they were inherited. It will be remembered that the originals of the four previous volumes were presented by the editor to King George the Third, but they cannot now be found in the Royal Library, and the fact of their strange disappearance formed a principal argument against their ever having existed. The originals of the fifth volume did not share this fate, and have fortunately been recovered at the very time most important for their reputation.

—In his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life" Dr. T. F. Dibdin describes the natural pride and pleasure that he felt on seeing a large paper set of his works valued at one hundred guineas, arising from the profit it afforded that he had not lived in vain, but that his labors had taken permanent root in literature, and were justly estimated by his countrymen. A still further gratification would be in store for the doctor could he see the lately issued catalogue of one of our New York booksellers, where—in a country scarcely known to bibliography in Dr. Dibdin's day—may be found a copy of his various works, making 21 volumes, "all in boards uncut, as clean as when issued from the press," offered at the price of seven hundred and fifty dollars. The catalogue we refer to is that of Mr. J. W. Bouton, 481 Broadway. The occurrence of any single item, at such a price, would have been a rare phenomenon in an American catalogue only a few years since. So cordial, however, has been the response to the parting toast at the Roxburgh Club dinner, "The Cause of Bibliography all over the world," at least in this Western hemisphere, that there seems now nothing startling or unusual in such an item, for which our fathers would have calculated on procuring an entire library. The catalogue in question offers a choice selection of books of the highest class of ornamental art literature, worthy to figure on the same shelf with the works of Dr. Dibdin himself. Among them we notice the Galleries of Florence, Munich, Napoleon, etc.; the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude Lorraine, Raphael's famous "Loggie," or Scripture subjects for the Vatican, Silvestre's "Universal Paleography," Lord Kingsborough's "Antiquities of Mexico," etc., and an equally rich representation of the class of old English literature now most in demand in preference to any other subject among our book-buyers. We allude to books like the publications of the Percy Society, "The Retrospective Review," Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors of England," Hollingshead's "Chronicles," "The Harleian Miscellany," etc., all of which and many others will be found temptingly arrayed in the catalogue above mentioned.

—A translation of Goethe's "Faust" into Hebrew by a Jewish scholar, Dr. Max Letteris, and published in Vienna and London, would seem at first to be a mere curiosity, until it is remembered that the oldest literature and language in the world are still living and classic for millions, a medium for the expression and transmission of thought amongst a community necessarily narrow and confined in its sympathies, but marked by great intellectual activity, finesse, and acuteness. The task of successfully rendering Goethe's drama into English has never yet, in the opinion of competent judges, been accomplished, in spite of the numerous attempts that were constantly being made, until Homer took the place of Goethe as the favorite exercise for amateur translators. One may imagine, then, the difficulties surrounding a Jewish scholar engaged in the same task. He has got over some of them by adapting the drama and its persons to the spirit of the Hebrew language and the circumstances of Polish and Lithuanian readers. For instance, Faust is transformed into Elisha ben Abuya, a famous renegade Talmudical scholar

and rabbi, who, becoming a sceptic from his attachment to Greek philosophy, is held in perennial reprobation among the faithful, and the other characters are similarly transformed. The distinguished Orientalist, Dr. Zunz, is just publishing "A Literary History of Jewish Sacred Poetry," and many other evidences might be given of the cultivation of modern Hebrew literature.

—The title of Mr. Gladstone's address before the University of Edinburgh, accidentally omitted from the mention of it last week, is "The Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order of the World."

—Among Messrs. Longman & Co.'s latest announcements is a book certain to attract attention, "The Diary of the Rt. Hon. William Wyndham, M.P., from 1783 to 1809," the year previous to his death. Hitherto the only memorials of this prominent statesman have been his Parliamentary speeches, and books of that kind count so few readers that he has become little more than a tradition for the present generation. Wyndham was a man whom all parties delighted to honor for his chivalrous spirit, noble figure, lively wit, and powers of reasoning, that would have raised him to the highest rank in the state if an impatience of political intrigue had not kept him aloof from party arrangements. The only portion of Mr. Wyndham's diary that has yet seen the light are some extracts descriptive of his visits to the death-bed of Dr. Johnson and his last conversations with that great man, printed in Croker's edition of "Boswell's Life." They raise high expectations of the value of the diaries, which were then in the possession of Mr. Amyot, the secretary of Wyndham and editor of the collection of his speeches in Parliament.

—Among the recent announcements of Messrs. Harper Brothers is an original work on China, from a source of the highest authority. It is entitled "Social Life of the Chinese, with some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions, by Rev. Justus Doolittle, Fourteen Years Member of the American Board; in two volumes, with more than 150 Illustrations." Mr. Gilchrist's biography of Richard Cobden, "the Apostle of Free Trade," including his political career and public services, is also promised by them, as well as several works of fiction, including Miss Edwards's "Half a Million of Money," Mr. J. S. Le Fanu's "Guy Deverell," and Anthony Trollope's "The Belton Estate."

—A curious attempt has been made to obviate the difficulties experienced by booksellers in England from the prevalent practice of selling to their customers at less than the published prices. This has grown to such an extent through increasing competition that no margin for profit is left, and the gradual deterioration of the trade rapidly follows in credit and respectability. A publisher of respectable standing, Mr. Bosworth, of Regent Street, when bringing out a book of considerable interest for clergymen, "The Directorium Anglicanum," a manual of the ceremonial usages of the English Church, attempts to meet the difficulty by declining to name any price to the public at all. He says, in a preliminary note, "As the practice of affixing a selling price to books is—in the absence of any arrangement between booksellers and publishers by which it might be maintained—without principle and an unwarrantable intrusion into the business of others, besides being delusive to the public and ruinous to the bookseller (by informing his customers of the cost of his goods, and thus depriving him of his profit), no nominal price has been attached to this book. Country booksellers may learn the terms on applying to the publisher." If an experiment of this kind had been commenced by one of the leading houses in the trade it would have met with a better chance of success, though it is a question how far it would meet the inconveniences growing out of the present old established system.

—A publication of great attraction for architects and antiquarians is in progress in England, consisting of photographic fac-similes from sketches made during his Continental tours by Augustus Welby Pugin. The drawings fac-similed are five hundred in number, and are brought out in ten parts at one guinea a part. The subjects represented exceed fifteen hundred, several being included on a single sheet, as drawn on the spot from the most exquisite works of the Middle Ages, with the masterly spirit and precision that distinguish all Pugin's works as draughtsman, author, or architect. Perhaps no one ever accomplished the same quantity of work in as short a time as Pugin. Though he died before reaching the age of forty, he had married three wives, built more churches and ecclesiastical structures than any dozen contemporary architects, written ten or twelve quarto volumes full of elaborate plates, drawn and etched by himself, designed the endless series of decorations that enrich every square inch of the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster, and erected and endowed a monastic foundation at Ramsgate that was nearly completed at the time of his death. His opinion was that there were only two things worth living for—sailing and Gothic

architecture. In the indulgence of the former of these tastes he at one time in his curious career was master of a Channel lugger or sail-boat, and traded between Holland and England for eggs. Some of his finest etchings were executed on board this vessel, and he used to walk up to his publisher with the copper-plates in the pockets of his sailor's tarpaulin coat. He seemed born to combat the English superstition of respectability, and nothing but the unrivaled talents he displayed could have borne him up against the hostile influence of the profession he had mortally offended by his telling, graphic, and literary satire, "Contrasts in Ancient and Modern Architecture." Enthusiasm for the grand mediæval works of art and architecture made him a Catholic, but he was always thoroughly English in feeling, and, consequently, was never regarded with much favor by the prevalent school of modern Romanists, whose tastes are all ultramontane or pseudo-classical. The revival of an intelligent taste for and appreciation of Gothic architecture is mainly due to Pugin, who first pointed out its distinctive peculiarities. The present publication of his sketches will do much to preserve the memory of one to whom the fine arts owe so much.

#### PRUNING FOREST TREES.\*

THE annexed titles are those of two recent French works which well deserve, if not a full translation, at least an abridged reproduction in English in the United States. We have, indeed, not yet undertaken, upon a large scale, the plantation of artificial or even the systematic treatment of natural forests, but the methods of arboriculture described in these treatises are applicable, with even greater proportional advantage, to small plantations and to trees growing in rows or avenues, or even singly. We often see noble shade-trees disfigured by holes in the trunk resulting from injudicious trimming. The stumps of the amputated boughs communicate their own decay to the heart of the tree, and an oak or an elm which was still vital with centuries of vigorous life is enfeebled, and in the course of a few years prostrated, by disease occasioned by the careless lopping of large boughs.

On the other hand, the frequency of such results has often led to the impression that old and large trees could not be pruned at all with safety, and, consequently, branches which ought to be removed are left to grow until a heavy wind tears them off, thus inflicting a wound more extensive and dangerous than would be occasioned by the most unskillful trimming.

The methods in question have been pursued by Viscount de Courval for more than forty years, and by other eminent foresters for perhaps as long, and the testimony is conclusive that, by judicious pruning, forest trees of any age and of any species, if irregular or defective in growth, may be straightened, improved in form of ramification, and cured of wounds and diseases, not only without risk or injury, but with positive advantage to beauty of shape, security against the effects of strong winds, and to quality and quantity of product in timber.

The first of these treatises is an octavo of some seventy pages of text, with a score of large wood-cuts, and, of course, somewhat expensive; the second, an octodecimo of a hundred and fifty pages, with seventy cuts, is sold at one franc, and ran through four editions in less than as many months from its first publication.

The system recommended is so simple that, though no doubt experience is requisite for its most successful exercise, yet it may be practised with advantage by any man of fair judgment and habits of careful observation in respect to arboreal growths.

The processes differ according to the objects of the cultivator, but, in general, only in respect to the selection of boughs for removal. In the management of the forest the aim is usually to obtain long, straight trunks for timber, with as little expansion of lateral branches as is consistent with the healthy growth of the tree. When trees are planted for shade or ornament a greater closeness of leaf-bearing twigs and a fuller lateral ramification are desirable. But even in this latter case the young tree requires approximately the same treatment as in the forest. The horizontal branches are shortened or suppressed, both to secure a proper length of stem—for even in a shade-tree a certain height is desirable—and to stimulate the growth of the trunk until it has acquired sufficient diameter and rigidity to resist the force of the winds, after which, if the tree is designed for ornament or shade, it may be suffered to expand its boughs with greater freedom.

Experience has shown that the best form of the crown or head for a young tree is the mathematical figure called a *circular spindle*, composed of arcs of a large circle, or, to express the idea in more familiar terms, its verti-

\* "Taille et conduite des Arbres forestiers et autres Arbres de grande dimension, par le Vicomte de Courval." Paris. 1861.

"L'Elagage des Arbres, etc., par le Comte A. Des Cars." Paris. 1866.

cal section should resemble a long, narrow leaf, like that of the verbena. After the tree has acquired a strong growth, the spindle should be of greater diameter, and when it approaches its normal dimensions, the head should tend to a globular shape.

Des Cars describes a very simple and convenient implement for fixing the form of the tree and determining what branches to shorten or to suppress. This is simply a piece of pasteboard, a few inches square, with an aperture of the form corresponding to the age of the tree, and if trees of different ages are to be studied, there may be several apertures of different forms. A piece of pasteboard five or six inches long, and three or four wide, will contain the three cardinal forms. One of these apertures is held at a suitable distance from the eye, with its axis coinciding with the leading shoot of the tree, which is examined through it, and the branches extending beyond it are shortened, the crowded thinned out, and the badly shaped or sickly cut off.

Of course, in a brief notice like this, detailed rules cannot be given, and judgment and observation must decide what and how many branches should be removed; of larger boughs, not more than two or three, sometimes not more than one, should be suppressed altogether in a single season, but you may deal more boldly with smaller branches.

The cardinal rule and cue, which for most purposes is worth all the rest, is, that the boughs should be cut close to the stem, leaving no stump or projection at all; the cut surface should be made to conform to the curve of the trunk, and dressed perfectly smooth, after which it should be immediately coated with coal-tar from the gas-works, applied with a paint-brush. In cold weather the coal-tar may be warmed just enough to allow it to flow sufficiently, at other times it is used without warming.

If the branch so removed is sound it will not decay in the least. Vital sap will pervade it, and the wound will soon heal over. The new wood, it is true, does not actually unite by vegetable growth with the tarred surface, but is closely attached to it, and experiment has shown that when a certain thickness has formed over the wounds, the timber furnished by trees so treated is as strong as that from trees kept close trimmed from their youth.

If the branch is hollow, or if there are rots or cavities in the trunk from other causes, the dead wood must be entirely cut out and the cavity filled with pieces of good, sound wood, dressed flush with the surface of the trunk, and well tarred as before described. New wood and bark form over the plug as over the stump of a natural branch, and the decay of the tree is arrested.

When branches are to be shortened, either with a view to their subsequent complete removal, or for reforming the shape of the tree, the cut should be made just above a thrifty twig, which may serve to "draw the sap" and keep up the life of the branch, and the wound should be dressed and tarred in the same way.

There has been a good deal of discussion and some difference of conclusion as to the best season for performing these operations, but it seems, on the whole, that it does not matter much whether the spring time or the autumn, the summer or the winter, be the period when the work is done, so it be well done. An old orchardist, known to us, being asked what was the best season for pruning apple-trees, replied, "The season when the tools are sharpest," and this appears to be the general verdict of French foresters.

The volumes before us contain ample directions in regard to the treatment of many diseases of the wood and bark where excision is the proper remedy, to the form of cutting tools and other implements, to the precautions for the safety of the pruners, and they constitute, in short, a very complete course of the *surgery* of the forest. We earnestly recommend a compilation from the two to the notice of some enterprising American publisher.

#### THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.\*

We have placed below the title of the works of an eminent bishop of the Roman Catholic Church of the United States, a gentleman well known for his kindness of heart, his astute judgment and courtesy of manner, and so influential as to be called (though, as we think, most injudiciously) twice by our Government to diplomatic missions—once by Mr. Polk, in 1846, to a mission to Mexico, which he declined, and again by Mr. Seward, on a private diplomatic errand to Europe, in 1862, which he accepted.

We find a record in these volumes of twenty-five years of leadership of his Church in this country at a time when, as history will hereafter relate, the greatest problem bearing on human rights of several centuries was being solved here—when privilege was struggling with right, and slavery with freedom. Posterity will point to the fact that Archbishop Hughes led the great Church of the past during a crisis of American history which

involved the fate of millions and the rights of humanity for a thousand years to come. They will review the glorious record of his Church in the Middle Ages, its sympathy with the poor, its struggles for human rights, its gradual and successful efforts in breaking the fetters of the serf, and its hatred of slavery. They will observe that here its members were especially made up from the poorer classes of Europe, who had themselves suffered from oppression, and they will naturally turn to the life of the distinguished bishop of the Church for noble words in behalf of liberty, for glowing assertions of the great principles of freedom, for at least gentle and Christian expressions of sympathy with millions of slaves, some of whom belonged to the same ancient Church, and all of whom were beneath the same political banner. But they will look for such things in vain.

In the most momentous period of American history, when ideas were clashing and principles were being formed whose eventual contest was to cover the continent with blood, in the years from 1826 to 1860 not a word can be heard from this most reverend priest and bishop touching on human rights as pertaining to the negro. Not a protest—the most gentle—is breathed against the vilest system of oppression which ever disgraced civilization. Not an accent of sympathy is uttered for the millions—some of them sons of the Church—who were bought and sold, who were cut off from legal marriage, whose daughters were made concubines, and who bore wrongs which history almost shudders to relate with a patience that scarce ever murmured, and a spirit of forgiveness which, in the confessors of the Church, has been the ideal of Catholic sanctity for all ages.

Through all these years Bishop Hughes is never heard to invoke even any palliation of this enormous system; he does not instruct or advise his fellow-clergy or subordinates at the South to urge the sanctity of that most ancient sacrament of his Church—marriage—upon the slaveholders; he does not, by any word or deed, seek to retain families together, or to preserve the young girls, even of the Catholic families of Louisiana, from open pollution.

All that vast body of ignorant men and women who so hung on his words he does not attempt even to instruct or influence in favor of the liberty of four millions of chattels. And the reason for his silence is not to be found in any disinclination to speak on public matters, or any want of oratorical ability. He is very ready to speak on "Irish emancipation," but he never thinks of "African emancipation." He delivers orations without number on the sectarian influence of our public schools, on "church debts," on "political economy," on the "social servitude to capital" (not a word of the servitude to Southern slaveholders), on "emancipation in the Middle Ages," but never on emancipation in the United States. His public life (apart from his strictly religious labors, of which we have here nothing to say), in the most trying crisis of modern history, when the spirit on which his Church was originally based was struggling with the greatest organized evil of the world, was mainly spent in attempting to make the American public schools sectarian, and to perpetuate the influence of a narrow-minded priesthood.

The main importance of such a life is as an indication of the spirit of his Church in America. What will be the future of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States? is a question to be seriously considered by all thinkers. So far as political influence is concerned, the Church has here a free field. Nothing can prevent her—except her own spirit—from winning continual victories and establishing herself on the northern continent of America as she has done on the southern. To many persons from our upper classes seeking for repose from sceptical doubt, or hankering after a more ritualistic religion, she offers the perfect rest of infallible authority and the aesthetic enjoyment (though, in America, an imperfect one) of her ceremonial.

A few such are continually joining her ranks. Then the vast body of the poor and the servile class (and we use this expression with no feeling of contempt, remembering that Christianity itself began among the poor and the servants) constantly add to her numbers by their natural increase. The priesthood, too, are doing wisely in building stately and beautiful churches, especially through the smaller towns, so as to secure the habits of reverence of this class for a long time to come. The Roman Church grows then, but we think slowly, in America. Her great want is the want of *moral power*—and when that is said, all is said. She has no hold over the moral sense of the nation. She commands no respect. The only thing that pledges permanent life to an institution is the moral element, and that the American Catholic Church lacks.

No great idea, no moral movement, no reform, no general improvement of life and character in these States, has ever received any encouragement from the Roman Church as such. It is not found among our servants that their faith makes them more honest or true or kind-hearted. The influence of the priests (with a few noble exceptions) is not generally on the

\* "Complete Works of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D.," etc. Two vols. Lawrence Kehoe, New York, 1865.

side of temperance, or order, or intelligence, or liberty. It may not necessarily be against these, but it is not conspicuously on their side. Nine-tenths of all the crime and pauperism of the country is found against the names of Roman Catholics, though here we do not charge the fault upon the Church, but only urge that the priests cannot check the vices of a miserable peasantry. There is evidently here no such elevated and self-sacrificing Romanist priesthood as in Tyrol, for instance; and public life shows here few Catholics filled with such noble humanity and profound morality as France presents now in Cochin, and Montalembert, and Gasparin, and Laboulaye.

The Roman Church in America is but a shell of moral and spiritual ideas, and from it will spring, in our judgment, no vigorous and permanent growth and life.

*A Treatise on Some of the Insects Injurious to Vegetation.* By Thaddeus William Harris, M.D. A new Edition. Edited by Charles L. Flint. (Crosby and Ainsworth, Boston.)—This standard work has three epochs: its first appearance in print in 1841, by order and at the expense of the State of Massachusetts; a second edition, with additions and illustrations, by the same authority, in 1859; and the present, which the Legislature permitted in 1861, in order that Mr. Harris's treatise might obtain a wider circulation, and so answer better the ends for which it was composed. It has already obtained the very highest praise for its scientific accuracy and practical utility, and of its original merits it is, therefore, unnecessary to speak. Mr. Flint, the secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, has enlarged the text with foot-notes of his own and from the manuscripts left by the author, and no one will dispute his eminent qualifications for the task. The illustrations are simply incomparable, at least in this country. Mr. Sonrel's patient and minute drawings have an almost microscopic fidelity, and Mr. Marsh's engravings on wood, even as now printed, are a marvel of art. One can scarcely believe that the latter afford no pleasure to Mr. Marsh himself, who found his real triumph and rested his reputation in the first impressions, which he himself made from the blocks, before they were inserted in the book, and of which copies were sent abroad to the various countries of Europe.

The publishers have produced so rich a volume that its popularity will be a marked compliment to the citizens of the Republic, as its execution is an honor to the commonwealth which ordered it. It ought to be added that the insects described are found not only in Massachusetts, but throughout New England, and in most parts of the United States, and that, consequently, the value of the treatise is independent of the locality from which it issued.

*Poems.—Songs of Seven.—Studies for Stories.* By Jean Ingelow. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)—If the critics who hailed the poetry of Jean Ingelow as something grand and original, a year or so since, should now be taken and examined apart, could they testify, we wonder, to an unabated enthusiasm? Read in cold blood, these poems do not impress us with their grandeur; and the praise once bestowed on them for authentic power, because there was no echo of Tennyson in them, seems to us rather ludicrous. We think the calmer judgment of Miss Ingelow's poetry must be that it develops a tender love for nature, a high devotion to beauty, and a gift of attenuating and expanding ideas to a marvellous degree of slimness and thinness. Take the much-admired poem called "Divided;" there is but one simple thought in all its thirty-one stanzas, and the rest is nothing but "babble of green fields;" pretty, certainly, but telling little news about nature or her relations to human feeling. "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" is a fine ballad, but has the man who wrote "Maud Müller" any right to say it is the best ballad of our time? It is curious to read the rapturous praises (kindly printed by the publishers and sent with the volume) our critics bestowed on Miss Ingelow's fair average. However, Mr. Emerson saluted Walt Whitman "at the outset of a glorious career," and when Alexander Smith appeared there were people to liken him to Shakespeare.

Miss Ingelow's prose volume has been the occasion of nearly as much fine language in the journals as her poems were. Those who read "Studies for Stories" will find them full of a healthy simplicity which lapses occasionally into the healthy commonplace, and not at all extraordinary either in thought or diction.

*Rebel Brag and British Bluster, etc.* By Owls-Glass. (American News Company, New York.)—Out of the vast storehouse of mistaken prophecies, hopes, opinions, and beliefs in which, from the beginning to the close of the rebellion, our enemies at the South and our friends in Great Britain indulged, with a vain effort to make the worse appear the better reason, and to sustain a struggle against the social order of Christendom, the anonymous author of this pamphlet has gleaned, of course, a measure of very ridiculous chaff. He has sprinkled the solid text with the obvious commentary, and made, as he fairly pretends, "a record . . . very pleasant to read, and instructive to all who are capable of learning." As a piece of literary workmanship, it is not comparable to Mr. Stephens's monograph on the London *Times*.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.* Being a Condensation of the Larger Dictionary. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

*MR. BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION ON THE EVE OF THE REBELLION.* D. Appleton & Co., New York.

*LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A.* Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. Two Volumes. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

*THE POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY OF AUGUSTE COMTE.* By John Stuart Mill. William V. Spencer, Boston.

*THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.* By E. W. S. and S. W. M. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

*SUMMER SONGS.* By H. H. M. Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

*THE FLY.* By Theodore Tilton. Sheldon & Co., New York.

## Fine Arts.

### THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

#### III.

MR. FARRER'S picture of "Northampton," No. 279, in the corridor, is sure to attract all who enter the galleries with any idea of looking at the pictures. It is just at the left hand of every person who comes up the main stairs, and its brilliancy and strength cannot fail to catch the eye.

It is well that it is hung low, rather below "the line," indeed (we as sume that a picture is on the line when its horizon is on a level with the eye); for in this position the sky, by far the best part of the picture, is first seen, and, with many lookers, is almost the only thing seen in the picture. It would be well if a cord or railing could be so arranged that no one could approach nearer to the picture than about the distance of the nearest column of the arcade, about six feet; for, from that distance, the sky and distant hills are well seen, and all is seen of the foreground that is good of it, namely, its force of shadow, which makes the hills and the sky by comparison pale and distant.

It is well that it is hung below the line for this reason, also: it has been painted from a point of view high above the highest part of the foreground. The subject is dioramic. Below the spectator, and at his feet, is a dense grove of trees, which frame in the picture at its bottom edge; and beyond these is a pasture-field, with some cows, and this, which is in effect the nearest foreground, is already very distant. Beyond this is the Mill River, then Northampton village half-hidden among trees, then broad meadows dotted with single trees, nearly all huge elms, with the Connecticut winding about serpent-wise, now showing its full breadth and again but a narrow twinkling line. On the right of the picture is Mount Holyoke, and far beyond this, and closing the distance, a long line of blue hills half shrouded in mist.

We have said thus much of the subject because it is necessary to call attention to the great difficulty inseparable from the task of painting it. There is, perhaps, no class of landscape subject which is so apt to baffle the would-be painter of the whole aspect of nature. The attempt, if made in earnest, to paint such a diorama in full color and with complete recognition of details involves a struggle with very great difficulties and compulsory choice between results which are each desirable, and between which it is hard resolutely to choose. The difficulties are so great that it is not surprising that Mr. Farrer has partially failed to overcome them. It was not to be expected that his powers, as yet evidently not wholly mature, would suffice to the achievement of the complex task of giving, in true relation, details and the whole—delicacy and strength—at once the vastness and the full color of nature. And the choice is so hard to make that it is not surprising that the painter has sometimes chosen wrongly. It is not to be lost sight of, though, that the choice has been wrong. Whether consciously or not, the painter has chosen force rather than refinement, ponderousness rather than delicacy, and violent contrast rather than subtle gradation.

It is in this respect that we think this picture the most faulty. Shortcomings of execution are of little moment as long as the tendency of the work is right, but going off on the wrong road is fatal if long pursued. And this is a very wrong road, however near it may lie to the right one for a certain distance after they fork—this preference of the forcible to the tender, this disregarding of the more important truth of gradation for the less important truth of contrast, this Rembrandtesque treatment of noonday landscape.

The temptation is great, and is masked at first by a most natural and right desire for decision of statement. There are the sunlit meadows, with the elms standing gravely, each with its shadow at its foot. It is very hard to avoid making these shadows darker and still darker, that the tree may have apparent projection, no matter what else suffers for it. And when they are dark enough to give the desired relief to the trees that cast them, it is hard to help toning down to still greater depth of gloom the shadows of nearer trees and houses, so that, at last, the shadows which are cast upon grass and foliage, several hundred yards from the spectator, are actually black in effect if not painted with black pigment. And so we have

reached the bottom of our scale and are still without a foreground. What to do with it? We cannot have sunshine there, for sunshine, in a picture, cannot be had without contrasting shadows, and what shall foreground shadows be if more distant shadows are black? A cloud shadow is our only resource, to cover the whole near foreground and make strong contrasts unnecessary. And accordingly we find a cloud shadow in this place, or what seems to be one, covering all the near trees which frame in the picture at the bottom.

No picture, indeed, can be truly sunny without true gradation of shadows. It is very pleasant to see every house and every tree in this picture carefully painted, as if it alone were the thing under observation, with its own peculiar and measurable shadow, and it is very new and delightful to see all these shadows with sharp edges, for shadows in nature, but much more seldom in art, have such. But the greatly exaggerated depth of the far-away shadows has prevented any delicacy of gradation, without which neither projection, nor brilliancy, nor distance is given in nature, nor can be given in art. If dark masses are positively needed, they are not to be put in, like mosaic, at points all over the canvas. You cannot paint ten miles square of country, and have black shadows under every tree.

In the far distance all is very beautiful. Mt. Holyoke is better worthy of a frame to itself than is the whole picture including Mt. Holyoke. And the cloud drawing is so good that it might almost stand as a model study of sky. As a composition the sky is somewhat deficient in unity, a fault which would be more considerable if the picture were not so uncomposed and broadcast in subject. But, on the whole, where the eye ceases to distinguish minutiae of form, and sees broad masses only, all is delightful. This is in strange contrast to the foreground, where the trees are wonderfully conventional for Mr. Farrer's work, mannered in drawing, woolly in character of foliage, and without individual character.

In all these respects this picture is much like the "White Mountain Brook," in the Artists' Fund Exhibition last year, over which, indeed, it shows but little advance. There was in that, what there is not in this, beautiful and delicate drawing of simple foreground detail; in that and in this alike is to be found very imperfect drawing of complex foreground detail, as, for instance, foliage, and both in that and in this the extreme distance is admirable. We conclude, after long consideration, and careful re-examination of all Mr. Farrer's work that is within our reach, that he has up to this time shown no power to combine local with general truth. Fruit on a table he has painted admirably; fruit and flowers on the tree he has painted admirably; a bush with large leaves and close at hand he has both drawn and colored admirably (no one should forget the admirable sycamore bush in the study "On the Genesee," exhibited in 1863); any near and tolerably simple thing, of which all the details can be thoroughly made out and elaborated, he can almost perfectly render. So, when a complex subject is so distant that it becomes simple; when mountains are ten miles away and broad in their masses, as in "The Catskills," N.A.D. 1864, "White Mountain Brook," Fund Exhibition of 1864, and "Mt. Washington," N.A.D. 1865; when forests clothe distant hill-sides, as in many water-color and other studies, and notably in the picture under consideration, all goes well. But middle-distance foliage, as in "Goat Island," N.A.D. 1863; in "The Catskills," mentioned above; and in the "Northampton"—surface of field and slope of hill, as in the "Buckwheat Field," N.A.D. 1864, and also in "Northampton"—such things as these he has never rightly painted, and they are nearly always faulty enough to injure seriously his careful and meritorious landscapes.

Miss Fidelia Bridges sends three good studies. No. 89, "September Afternoon," has a country road in it between bushes, a road almost as interesting as a river. This is good student's work and right in tendency. No. 223, "Study in the Woods," is hung too high to be seen rightly, but appears to be even better than the other.

Miss Edith W. Cook has a study, No. 95, "Tahawus Glen, Adirondacks," which is pleasant to see, and full of promise. It does not seem to us so "uncompromisingly" faithful as its neighbor, No. 89, just mentioned.

Mr. R. J. Pattison, in his little picture No. 277, has grappled with a tremendous subject, a "View of the White Mountains and Androscoggin Valley." It is little to say that such an antagonist is as yet rather beyond his powers. We do not object to the taking of a difficult subject, but an artist's technical skill ought to be more nearly equal to the requirements upon it than in this case. Mr. Pattison's color has not been, so far, his strong point, but he has taken a subject involving elaborate and subtle combinations of brilliant color. Mountain drawing is not easy, nor are there many who can do it at all as it ought to be done; this is, we think, Mr. Pattison's first essay, and he has taken the White Mountain group from a point where their full grandeur shows. We had rather have seen a pen-and-ink drawing of

the scene. There would more have come out of that. Mr. Pattison's good work of former exhibitions has gained for him respect and secured attention for all his pictures hereafter, but he must not forfeit it by exhibiting work which falls so far short of artistic excellence as this.

For the spirit of Mr. Nast's work in general we have a very high respect. The present exhibition gives us no opportunity to do it justice. But, indeed, no exhibition of pictures that we remember has shown Mr. Nast's talent to advantage: "Harper's Weekly" and even dead "Mrs. Grundy" are better galleries of exhibition for him; for the true feeling in his designs make them welcome to all who can feel, while the serious technical deficiencies are less evident and much less annoying in the wood-cut than in color. There is lack of energy painfully evident in all his work on canvas, and his apparent indifference as to whether the lines should go this way or that way, whether the color should be harmonized or not, if it really exists, is cause enough for the technical imperfection of his work.

#### MUSIC.

##### THE OPERA.

THAT badly-printed and worse-edited programme-sheet called *The Stage*, indulged itself last week in quoting from some other paper a fling at Chicago and its opera-house, and a violent attack on the company now performing there. From all that we can learn, even putting aside the indiscriminate praise of the *Herald*, the company of Mr. Grau possesses much merit, and it will be worth our while to hear them when they come to New York. It is very unbecoming for the associated managers to make an unprovoked attack in this way, because Mr. Grau is praised by their enemy, or because he has refused to join their association. It looks too much as if the manager of the opera now here were trying to prejudice public opinion against singers who have certainly no part in his quarrel, and who deserve to be heard with attention when they come, in the hope of benefiting his own pocket. And this truly ridiculous but false description of the orchestra at Chicago leads us to comment on the fact that Mr. Maretz's orchestra is by no means so good as it should be. It often plays well, especially when led by Mr. Bergmann, but is very frequently in strong discordance with the effect sought to be produced by the composer. With Mr. Torriani it often plays badly. The reason of the bad effect of even its good playing is that it is very badly constituted. We cannot expect and do not want a full concert orchestra to accompany an opera, but we certainly need a much larger one than we have at present. The numbers of wind and percussive instruments that have been added to the orchestra by modern composers, while they have greatly increased its power, its force of rendering, and its coloring, have quite destroyed its balance of parts. We should be glad to have all the effects which the composer designed perfectly carried out, but either enough violins and stringed instruments must be added to counterbalance the increased number of other instruments, or the score must be altered to suit the orchestra, as it sometimes is to suit the voices. Now, at the Academy of Music we have twenty-three stringed instruments matched against seventeen wind instruments, besides the drums and cymbals. The stringed instruments not only appear feeble when played with these others, but the impression that all this noise leaves in the ear, when it ceases, diminishes the effect produced by the stringed instruments. The pianos appear thin and weak after such tremendous *fortes*. At least twelve violins, eight violas, ten violoncellos, and eight bassos are necessary to counterbalance so strong a force of other instruments. And this is very nearly the proportion that we find in the orchestra of the Grand Opera of Paris, one of the most perfect in the world, where there are fifty-one stringed instruments to twenty-seven wind and brass. And the increase in wind instruments is almost entirely in the flutes and reed instruments, and not in the brass pieces. Here we have nearly an equal amount of noise, with only half of the sustaining strength. The bad effect of this want of proportion is noticeable nearly every night, while such an opera as "Don Giovanni," with its older style of orchestration, where some of the brass instruments are disused, allows us to see the beauty of proportion.

"Don Giovanni" was given on Monday of last week, with a very fair cast—Zucchi as *Donna Anna*, Fischer as *Elvira*, Kellogg as *Zerlina*, Bellini as *Don Giovanni*, Irfre as *Ottavio*, Rovere as *Leporello*, and Dubreuil as *Masetto*. The acting was spirited, and the singing generally good. Miss Kellogg sang "Vedrai carino" with taste and expression, the masked trio was delightfully given, and Irfre deserved great credit for his rendering of "Il mio tesoro." Bellini was excellent throughout, as well in "La ci darem" as in either of the serenades.

We are more and more impressed, every time we hear "Don Giovanni," with the beauty of its music; and yet we have been brought irresistibly to

the conclusion that, in spite of the lovely airs, the fine instrumentation, and the skill of arrangement of parts, that it is not a good opera. It approaches more nearly to being one than any other work of Mozart's, because the story has a little more sense to it than any of the others, and the music has, perhaps, a little more to do with the ideas and words. "Don Giovanni" is one of the oldest operas on the stage. No older ones, except one or two of Gluck's and one or two others of Mozart's, are ever played at all. It has been considered by many to be the turning point of operatic writing, and is the great model of a large and very prominent school of composers.

The opera was originally a kind of oratorio or sacred cantata, and the operas of "Dafne" and "Euridice," about 1590, by Peri and Caccini, were the first attempts at profane musical dramas. These consisted almost entirely of a kind of recitative, although "Euridice" contained an Anacreontic stanza at the beginning of each scene. This was the beginning of the aria which later became more fully developed in the operas of Cavalli, particularly in his "Jasone." In Monteverde's operas we find not much more than what is called an *aria parlante*, which is different from our recitative, and is, in fact, a species of melody following the words and paying the greatest attention to their meaning and expression. It was modelled after what the Greek choruses were supposed to have been. An excellent example from his "Ariadne," published in 1607, can be found in Hullah's "Lectures on the Transition Period of Musical History." Operatic writing progressed a little from this time, until it became a series of airs, all of a very formal kind, with their slow and quick movements following each other in regular order, and with little regard for the story, save as a convenient thread on which to string these beads, when it remained stationary for over a century. Gluck was the first composer who brought any change, and to him the opera owes more than to any other writer for an exposition and a realization of its aims, and for the impulse to that advance which it has made and is now making.

Gluck had written much in the usual Italian style and had become convinced of its falsity and worthlessness. He resolved upon making a change, as far as he could, in dramatic music, and bringing it nearer what seemed to him to be the true model. The opera is an elevated form both of music and of the drama. It has all the advantages of the drama, acting and scenery, and unites with these music, by which it is enabled to touch more nearly the heart and its emotions. Music is particularly suited to express the finer as well as the more powerful feelings; for language of excitement is often naturally rhythmical. If the emotions to be aroused and expressed are suitable ones, their expression in music will not seem to us in the slightest degree inconsistent. The music of an opera is, then, properly regarded as a means of expression of the sentiments and feelings of the drama. This is the way in which Gluck viewed it. Music was only one of the means of arriving at the result, which was dramatic force; and not only the music, but the words, the acting, and the scenery and costumes must all bend to that one end. A different school, with Mozart at their head, held and held that music was of the first consequence and everything else second to it. Some even go so far as to say that to make music a mere aid of the drama degrades and lowers it, as if music were not just that kind of an art that it never could be really degraded in any position, but elevated and made ethereal everything it touched. Gluck, then, from his study and experience, enunciated these principles:

"Dramatic music can only reach its highest power and beauty when joined to a text simple, truly poetic, and exhibiting natural and definite emotions and passions, with the highest possible truth to nature." "Music may be made the language of emotion expressing the various feelings of the heart." "Music must follow with all possible exactness the rhythm and melody of the words." "In accompaniments instruments must be used to strengthen the expression of the vocal parts by their peculiar characters, or to heighten the general dramatic effect by employing them in contrast to the voice, as the text or dramatic situation might demand."

These principles he exemplified first in his opera of "Orfeo ed Euridice," the poem being written expressly for him by Calzabigi, and differing greatly from the received type of Metastasio. There were only two characters, *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, and, in a few scenes, *Love*, and a chorus of Greeks at the beginning and end—in Tartarus a chorus of shades, and in Elysium a chorus of the blest. The subject was difficult, the new manner of treatment made it still more so, and no opera ever stood so severe a test. It however won its way to all hearts, and is now as fresh as ever, and a standard piece in Germany. This was in 1762. "Alceste" followed, and the two "Iphigenies," all beautiful, and all more nearly perfect than anything previously written. The influence of these works on dramatic music was very great and lives to this day, though of late it has been overpowered by other and opposite influences, and only now is dramatic music beginning to emerge from the depth to which it had been sunk by the Italian school. Gluck immediately affected Méhul, Spontini, and Cherubini, and now Meyerbeer and

Gounod especially are the best popular representatives of his ideas. Wagner exhibits them in their purest form, and even goes a little beyond them. He has the truest conception of what dramatic music can and should be, and we have everything to hope from the new school of instruction in that branch of the art which is now being established at Munich under his superintendence. But perhaps Gounod is at present the most pleasing dramatic writer, in that he has yielded somewhat to the demands of the badly-educated public, while he has gone far toward the truth, and by means of a very favorable poem has succeeded in carrying the public a good distance with him.

Mozart, as we said just above, took a different view of the musical drama. With him the music was the chief thing, and the drama had for its principal object the furnishing of effective situations for beautiful airs and passages. A few years later than Gluck's works, in 1781, he produced his "Idomeneo." He had just come from Paris, where he had heard the works of Gluck, those of Piccinni and the Italian school, and those of the pure French school. "Idomeneo" was different from any of these. All of Mozart's previous operas had been written in the strict Italian manner, but in this he struck out a style of his own, which he further carried out in "The Marriage of Figaro," in "Don Giovanni," and "The Magic Flute." His works had somewhat more of body and substance to them than those of the Italians, while he excelled in the variety and in the simplicity of his working up of airs. Piccinni and Sacchini used very generally the standard method of commencing an air by a slow movement ending in the key of the piece, of following that by a quick movement, and of then returning coldly to the slow commencement. All expression and effect were spoiled by this. Movements were used singly, also very slow, and very greatly developed; but these were almost the only kinds. Mozart introduced many new varieties of connecting movements, added new life and charm to the duos, and wrote quatuors and sextets, which were then almost unknown. He also invented new methods of orchestration, and added new instruments, which were severely condemned by the great teachers among the Italians, and added greatly to the effect of the opera by his skill in harmony and modulation. He, indeed, side by side with Gluck, effected a revolution in dramatic music, and what he taught was indeed beneficial, until it smothered up what was good. Rossini learned his best qualities from Mozart, and through Rossini the Italian school was completely changed. But in spite of all this, the radically wrong idea of the opera with which Mozart started had its evil force, and operas became less and less dramatic and more and more lyrical, until they were hardly dramas at all.

The feeling for the true and the beautiful is, however, now showing itself, and is declaring that Mozart's ideas of the musical drama were mistaken, and that there is a greater height which it can reach yet, if it becomes more natural and less devoted to strict rules which have been imposed on it, but with little reason. For this greater advance, we must look to the men whom Gounod and Wagner represent.

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**FINANCIAL REVIEW.**NATION OFFICE, Monday Morning,  
Nov. 27, 1865.

The week which ended on Saturday last was uneventful in commercial and financial circles. The imports at the port for the week amounted to \$6,793,221, rather more than the average at this season; the exports—of which the return will not be made until to-morrow—were liberal; in specie, \$723,000 were sent abroad. The receipts of breadstuffs from the interior continue moderate; of cotton the supply is increasing; it amounted last week to over 28,000 bales. No great change took place in the money or exchange or stock market. The following table will show the prices of

Monday morning, 20th inst., as compared with those of Saturday afternoon, 25th inst.:

	Nov. 20.	Nov. 25.	Advance	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881	105 1/2	105 1/2		
5-20 Bonds, old.	102 1/2	101 1/2		1/2
5-20 Bonds of 1865	100	99 1/2		1/2
10-40 Bonds	91 1/2	91		1/2
7-30 Notes, second series	97 1/2	97 1/2		1/2
New York Central	97 1/2	97 1/2		
Eric Railway	92 1/2	93 1/2	1/2	
Hudson River	104	110	6	
Michigan Southern	76 1/2	76 1/2		
Reading Railroad	111 1/2	116 1/2	5 1/2	
Cleveland and Pittsburg	94 1/2	92 1/2		2 1/2
Chicago and North-Western	37 1/2	36 1/2		1/2
" " Preferred	60 1/2	65 1/2	5 1/2	
Chicago and Rock Island	108 1/2	109 1/2	1	
P. Fort Wayne and Chicago	101 1/2	105 1/2	4	
Canton	45 1/2	43		2 1/2
Cumberland	45	44 1/2		1/2
Marlboro	15	14		1
American Gold	147	147		
Bankers' Bills on London	108 1/2	109	1 1/2	
Call Loans	7	7		

About the middle of the week the leading railway stocks advanced with considerable symptoms of activity. North Western common touched 10; Fort Wayne, 107; Michigan Southern, 78 1/2; Hudson, 111; and Pittsburg, 94 1/2. At these points sales to realize profits checked the advance, and a decline subsequently ensued. For the moment, Rock Island, Chicago and North-Western, and Erie are the popular favorites. But it is due to truth to say that speculation in Wall Street just now is confined to the regular habitués of the Stock Exchange, and that the public are holding off, waiting till the Treasury Report and the action of Congress determine whether or no further efforts are to be made to curtail the currency.

A general decline in Government securities will be noticed. This arises from the apprehension, among national banks and other holders of United States securities, that the Secretary will endeavor to pursue his policy of funding currency into long bonds, which, of course, would involve a further decline in all public securities. There are many among the financial friends of the Government, especially at Philadelphia, who scout the notion of further attempts at contraction at present, and argue that, whatever the private wishes of the Secretary may be, the influence of the South and the West will be cast into the scale against any present reduction of the circulating medium, and that that influence will be potent enough to determine the policy of Government. It is hardly worth while presenting the views of the two contending parties, as within a very few days the question will be set at rest, so far as the desires and recommendations of Secretary McCulloch are concerned. Should the Secretary advise new funding loans, a sharp decline in all classes of Government securities may be expected; should he abstain from any recommendation on the subject, the inference will be that Philadelphia influence has carried the day, and a gradual recovery in prices may be anticipated.

Trade with the South continues unusually active, and the number of steamers plying between Northern and Southern ports is steadily on the increase. It is now much larger than it ever was before the war. Notwithstanding all that is said in newspapers and at public meetings about the poverty of the South and the necessity of Northern relief societies, it is a fact that the South is now consuming and *paying for* more Northern goods than it ever took in the old palmy days of slavery; that stores in Richmond, Augusta, and New Orleans command higher rents than they ever did before the war; and that skilled labor of all kinds commands higher wages at the South than were ever before known in this country. Whoever has been impoverished by the war, the Southern country, as a whole, seems anything but poor. All who desire work can obtain it, at handsome wages, and goods of all kinds, except perhaps the more expensive classes of luxuries, command a ready sale *for cash* at all, or nearly all, the central Southern cities. An effort will be made at the coming session of Congress to obtain authority for the issue of \$200,000,000 more national currency for the especial use of the South. Its fate will depend in great measure upon the admittance of the Southern delegations to Congress. If they are excluded, the opponents of further paper issues will probably succeed in defeating the scheme. If they are admitted, it is expected that they will make such representations as will ensure the requisite legislation.

Two important legal decisions were rendered last week. One was rendered by Chief Justice Chase in the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore, Md., in the case of Jackson *vs.* The Northern Central R.R. Company. Jackson, a British subject, and a resident of Ireland, held coupon bonds of the railroad company, and demanded the full amount of his coupons, while the company claimed the right, under the Internal Revenue Act, to deduct from

the amount five per cent. to be paid the United States Government. The Court decided in favor of Jackson, and ruled that foreigners were entitled to the full amount of their coupons without deduction for income tax. The inference is, of course, that foreign bondholders will receive a larger income from American investments than native bondholders, and the effect will be that many foreign houses in this and other seaboard cities will transfer the bonds they hold to their foreign correspondents. The other case, which was tried before Justice Garvin in the Superior Court of this city, was the famous Napoleon Oil case, in which a party who had been "cornered" in that stock claimed damages of the party who had "cornered" him, on the ground that the "corner" was a swindle. The court charged and the jury found for the plaintiff, who got a verdict for the whole amount claimed. The effect of this will be to render Wall Street speculators more careful how they organize "corners" in stocks. It is likely to give rise to a plentiful crop of lawsuits, as under the ruling of Justice Garvin it seems likely that the parties who were so severely bled in Harlem and Prairie du Chien might even now recover damages from the parties who bled them.

The party of British capitalists who, under the lead of Sir Morton Peto, created such sensation in this country a month ago, have arrived safely at home, and write to say that, in England, a new and lively interest is being taken in American securities. It is not unlikely that considerable parcels of our favorite railway stocks and bonds may go abroad during the ensuing season. There is always a large amount of capital in London seeking investment, and, at the present time, no securities in the London market offer such advantages in point of safety and income as our 5.20 bonds (which the English would not buy at 40) and our better class of railway bonds and stocks. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the Atlantic and Great Western bonds should occupy so prominent place in the London list of American securities. The Atlantic and Great Western Railway is a fine road, broad gauge, opening up the oil country, and connecting Cincinnati with New York by a new and short route. But, among our older railway men, the concern has always been received with something like distrust. Like a young man starting in the world, it has its fortune to make, and it seems unlikely that it will escape the crisis through which all or nearly all our railway enterprises have had to pass before they reached a safe and lucrative condition. It has already had some troubles. Not many months since, it could not pay for certain rolling stock ordered in a flush of confidence by Mr. McHenry's friends, and the property was sold to the Erie Company at a considerable sacrifice. When Sir Morton Peto, before his departure hence, attempted to coerce the Erie Company by threats of hostile connections, he was smilingly reminded of the circumstance, and the prediction was made by a shrewd though unpolished manager of the Erie that if "them Englishmen" pursued the course they were taking, the Erie would own the Atlantic and Great Western for one-half its cost in less than three years. Sir Morton is a man of sense, and he probably treasured up the prediction. It will be a pity if our English friends who are disposed to invest their money in this country should regard the Atlantic and Great Western —a new road, running through a new country, built under very peculiar circumstances, and never well considered in financial circles in this country—as the type of American railway enterprises.

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Life Assurance may be employed advantageously for the benefit of families and of individuals of all classes of society, as well for those in affluence as for those in moderate circumstances. All may, by the exertion of a little forethought and a small outlay, protect their families from want, independently of any charitable aid.—*Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of Pa.*

The relief from anxiety afforded by Life Assurance very frequently contributes to prolong the life of the assured, while it materially augments the comfort and well-being of those dependent on him. It has also an obvious tendency to strengthen habits of accumulation.—*M' Culloch's Commercial Dictionary.*

A policy of Life Assurance is the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family. It is time our people understood and practiced more generally Life Assurance. Many a widow and orphan has had great reason to be grateful that the advantage of Life Assurance was understood and embraced by the husband and father.—*Dr. Franklin, in 1769.*

It is unquestionably the duty of every man to provide, while he yet lives, for his own. We would say that it is not less his duty to provide, as far as he can, against their being left penniless in the event of his death. Indeed, between these two duties there is no general distinction; for Life Assurance makes the one as much a matter current expenditure as the other.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

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Has paid more than

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS

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OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - - - -	\$2,000,000 00
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - - -	3,765,503 42
Liabilities, - - - - -	77,901 52

#### FIRE, MARINE, and INLAND INSURANCE.

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Cash Capital, . . . . .	\$1,000,000
Surplus, over . . . . .	400,000

This Company insures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND  
LAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or  
DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or  
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All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.  
SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

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OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO . . . . .	\$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, . . . . .	275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, \$48 per cent.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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ASSETS . . . . .	1,500,000 00

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**HOFFMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

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Cash Capital, . . . . .	\$200,000
WILLIAM B. DIXON, President.	

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**MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

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Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

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A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

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The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

It embraces among its regular or occasional contributors the following names:

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,  
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TOUCHING AT MEXICAN PORTS,**

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Leave Pier No. 42 North River, foot of Canal Street, at 12 o'clock noon, on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month, (except when those dates fall on Sunday, and then on the preceding SATURDAY) for ASPINWALL, connecting, via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's steamships from Panama for SAN FRANCISCO, touching at ACA-PULCO.

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1st.—HENRY CHAUNCEY, Captain Gray, connecting with CONSTITUTION, Captain Farnsworth.

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FIRST CABIN, SECOND CABIN, STEERAGE,  
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